

*Essays, Poems,
Anecdotes, &c.
by
Eliza Corf.*



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Moral and Religious

ESSAYS, POEMS,

ANECDOTES,

AND

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

BY
ELIZA CORF.

VOL. II.

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TO MY

YOUNG NEPHEW, NELSON BENJAMIN CORF,

FOR WHOSE INSTRUCTION THE GREATER PORTION OF THE

POEMS WERE ORIGINALLY WRITTEN,

The First Three Sections of this Volume

ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED ;

SINCERELY HOPING THAT HE WILL CAREFULLY PERUSE THEM,

AND IMBIBE EACH MORAL SENTIMENT THEREIN CONTAINED,

AND THAT THEY MAY ASSIST IN RENDERING

HIS HEART AND MIND APPROPRIATE

FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF HIS DUTY IN THE PROFESSION

HE HAS CHOSEN.

MAY HE BECOME A WORTHY AND VALUED

MINISTER OF THE TRUTH.

866755

Preface to the Second Volume.

MANY of the Poems in the first and second sections of this volume, entitled Hours of Solitude and Hours of Devotion, which I herein present for public perusal, were written some years ago, under the influence of acute bodily or mental anguish, and may, therefore, appear to partake too much of self; but as they clearly delineate facts, unaided by fiction, and present to the reader a new phase in the book of human nature, portraying the workings of a heart desirous of enduring with resignation a series of misfortunes not often encountered, even in this chequered scene, and may teach the young and thoughtless how much comfort the mind may derive from reflection, I scruple the less to present them to the public, assured that in some instances they may do good, and implant a spirit of emulation after higher attainments, which, in after life, may raise up sustenance for the soul, when subdued by suffering, sorrow, or

anguish too great to be endured without such aid to sustain its fortitude.

Their greatest merit is, that the pen shadows forth, with a truthful spirit, the feelings of the heart during seasons of affliction and suffering. They pourtray the internal struggles of a mind trying to alleviate its sorrows, by compelling thought to embody itself into reality ; by casting off vain imaginings, to utter feeling and inspiration — a mind taxing its invention simply to employ the hours of sickness advantageously, lest the mind, by lying dormant like the body, should become enfeebled by murmuring at a fate so unusually severe. They speak in the voice of nature, and the voice of feeling ; they lay bare a heart and mind attuned to nature's softer impulses, mixed up with fortitude and moral courage ; resting alone for aid on the mercy and justice, and on the truth of God's promises, while enduring the inflictions of His hand. While thus confiding, the mind put forth its energies, in some degree to tell how much it had endured, and to show how it could be cheerful during a series of physical and mental trials, under which most constitutions would have quailed or sank to rise no more.

Firmly trusting in providence, and confident in God's protection of my orphan state ; fully assured

that all his purposes in my trials were either designed to bring me nearer to himself, or to carry out some combination of events in which he would use me as an instrument, and for the accomplishment of which my vicissitudes and sufferings were required ; I trained my mind in its reflections to dwell upon my blessings, and to overlook my sufferings, and constantly to employ myself in works that required an effort of the mind. The result was the compositions which I now present to the public, hoping for a share of their patronage.

I would willingly separate the chaff from the solid grain, but want the capacity to do it, and perhaps a little of the inclination too, fearful lest, in taking away the husks, I should extract some of the pure kernel — or, having many tastes to please in catering for the public mind, should fail by regarding too much my own individual one ; deducting that which some would approve, and leaving what others might play Mr. Critic upon, with greater severity, than they would upon what I suppressed, I, therefore, resign the whole to such mercy, justice, and truth, as the world may have to bestow ; and am less influenced by the hope of the fame I may acquire, than that of imparting pure ideas to the youthful and confiding, whom I would instruct and purify.

The sportive pieces are introduced, simply to amuse the general reader. In appealing to the public, I thought it necessary to diversify my subjects, so as to write, if possible, something that might please every taste; and hope that the moral, rather than the ridiculous, though innocently so, will be imbibed. In the lamentations of ill assorted couples, I represent the world as it too frequently is, not exactly as it ought to be; but have carefully avoided every thing that could, by any possibility, infuse an impure idea. I truthfully disclose the follies and peculiarities of real characters, without appending their real names, or giving a clue for recognition to any but themselves; and sincerely hope that they will not angrily survey their portraits, or transform the head-dresses manufactured for them into caps of defiance, and meet me in them when I may feel more disposed to laugh, either at the just appropriation of their own, or their accidental assumption of attire intended for some others. Resolved to trust my luck for all that may befall, I waft these pieces on the breeze of fame, among my other writings, and remain the public's

Most obedient humble servant,

ELIZA CORE.

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Essay i.

On the too frequent inertness of people, when others require their assistance, they making the world's ingratitude a pretext for their own want of benevolence. On the folly of desiring an equal distribution of fortune throughout the world. The necessity of steadily and unshrinkingly viewing the calamities of others, in order to become an efficient reliever of them, and acquire the softest mode of sympathy; neither averting the eye nor the heart from the contemplation of woes that demand our aid. The above is combined with a few observations, shewing a marked distinction between the pity that is nearly allied to contempt, and that which is the mother of mercy, a descendant from heaven, and always attendant on the true spirit of benevolence.

THE many blessings that result from the exercise of a genuine spirit of benevolence, the delightful repose of conscience that it imparts, so tranquillises the heart and life of those who possess this charm in existence, that I would sacrifice much for a talisman, to infuse into the sullen, morose, and unfeeling a consciousness of what they lose by rejecting this refining principle. Do they not reject it for one gross and unprofitable to themselves and others? Yes; most injurious to themselves, because no sooner is their want of feeling discovered than the benevolent shun them, fearing the evil intercourse that might corrupt their own better feelings. As

a consequence, they lose their friendly aid in time of need; and, as none seek aid or sympathy from the unfeeling or ill-natured, they lose the chance of reformation by remaining ignorant of the blessings that attend on neighbour love and charity, imparting equal happiness to the dispenser and receiver; thus leaving no excuse for those who neglect to cultivate properties of such real intrinsic value and importance to the well-being of all parties.

But it is sadly too common for people to exclaim against the ingratitude of the world, and make it a pretext for their own too frequent inertness, when those around them require their assistance, either sliding back or omitting to stretch the ready hand, to save or help in time of need. And why? Because they foolishly expect to be repaid; and, finding the world defaulters therein, denounce the whole creation, frequently from selfish motives, and wholly forgetting their own ingratitude for the daily and numerous benefits conferred by the Almighty on themselves, when they refuse to render back the small portion that he commands them to give in his name; forgetting, too, the dreadful penalty incurred by that refusal, and the bright reward held up for those who obey in the true spirit of faith.

We are so distinctly told to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, heal and sustain the sick, and do it all to the glory of God,—without any mention made of the praises or benefits that we may expect in return from our fellow creatures, or any permission given to

applaud ourselves,—that it is only surprising any one will desire, and expect, gratitude or repayment here. Nor should they feel disgusted with the world, for not recognising the benefits conferred, according to their own estimate of them, appreciating them perhaps too highly.

They forget, too, that the poor are often proud, or made so by the pitiful contempt too frequently, and undeservedly, bestowed on them by the unfeeling. They forget, too, that the proud often feel, however improperly, that benefits degrade them, and that each gift bestowed (unless presented, as gifts should ever be, so graciously, that the receiver may feel that he or she confers a favour on the donor, by a courteous acceptance and appropriation of the gift), and each kindness, unexpected or not deserved, creates a sense of humiliation in the proud mind of the receiver; whose pride, if not proceeding from a just sense of propriety, upheld and modified by principle and moral feeling, is apt to engender a sort of jealousy, that, while it internally acknowledges the merit and superiority of the beneficent, envies, rather than admires; and, at the same time, would rather depreciate, than proclaim it, lest the proclamation should deteriorate from its own prideful self-importance. Thus it is, that pride creates for itself a tenacity of feeling, that is constantly receiving laceration, from the thoughtless, ignorant, unfeeling, and equally proud.

Such is human nature's frailty, and those who yield

to the baneful passions of envy, pride, and jealousy, can perceive nothing but injustice, and unfair division, in the disparities of fortune that exist; and make distinctions in the various classes of people that surround them. No wonder that it should be so where sin has gained a powerful influence; when even among the highly endowed, and persons of the most cultivated understanding, it requires much faith, observation, reflection, and comparison, to perceive, and feel convinced, of the infinite justice, mercy, and wisdom of such dispensations among the sons of men; and the great folly of desiring an equality, which would entirely disorganise the whole creation, wherein the inequalities that we see are absolutely necessary, to harmonise and unite the endless varieties that exist everywhere, and in everything.

If the whole world were equal to-day, would the miser and spendthrift permit that equality to reign on the morrow? Would not the former grasp at what the latter felt inclined to throw away? If all were equal, who would be prevailed upon to render those services to others, that he now willingly performs for liberal pay? The benevolent then alone would aid each other, and they perchance would do it indolently. If all were equal, one half of the world might starve, from ignorance of the proper methods to provide and prepare their food, or from disinclination to work. Where should we find refinement, delicacy, genius, talent, sentiment, philosophy, the arts and sciences, if all were thus employed,

and as similar in taste as in pursuit. If all were similar in taste, variety must cease, and one commodity supply the whole creation. How happy that, in creation, a Head more infinitely wise and scientific than we can conceive, behold, or know, has disposed things according to his wisdom, without human folly having the power to contravene it.

How happy for creation that all are not similarly wanting in the sensibility which relieves itself by relieving others. I do not mean the sensitive feeling which shrinks from misfortune, and cannot bear to look upon it. There is no real sensibility in those who start and shrink from the knowledge and view of anything like distress, and exclaim, "Don't tell me of it! You will make me quite nervous!" These are the persons who least of all relieve the woes of others. While expressing such a selfish desire, to be spared the knowledge of what another suffers, how can they by possibility relieve the affliction, refusing to look upon it or hear it related?

They may certainly, if endowed with wealth, employ a deputy to bestow their alms, and thus provide the tangible means to remove a portion of distress; but this may be done without a single touch of sentiment or feeling, ostentation alone can accomplish so much; and what does ostentation care, whether the alms are bestowed judiciously, and relief efficiently, or not, if it only brings celebrity to the ostentatious and indiscriminating giver? How much more can be accomplished

by an active spirit of benevolence, one that seeks out objects of distress, whereon to labour in its own chosen field of mercy and usefulness, extending its walks through every adjacent avenue.

Benevolence has so many ways in which to express itself, that it requires not a single ounce of gold to prove any heart deeply imbued with this peace inspiring attribute; the sentiments of which are actively expressed in the ready hand to help, wherever help is needed, among the lame, the blind, the sick, the feeble, old, and helpless; in instructing the ignorant, forgiving injuries, trying to soften the asperities of evil tempers, and subduing them with truth, persuasion, and reason, or acting in such a manner as not to irritate them into extremes.

Such an active spirit of benevolence in the end becomes its own reward, for it teaches the heart to feel for others as it feels for ourselves; thereby implanting an agreeable sensation in our own breast, which, if its durability be considered, may be estimated as one of the highest gratifications of which sense is capable. It prepares a feast for the soul, seasoned with all the enjoyments that reason and rectitude can afford; giving an invitation to lighter and brighter feasts, contained in the cheerful smiles of those whose happiness or comfort has been renewed or augmented by our timely help or sympathy. It frequently rejects, and always subdues, those malignant passions that, in a greater or

less degree, assail every human breast, are the bane of life, and the source of so much misery to mankind.

It teaches us to rejoice with the happy, and enhances our own happiness, while we contemplate that of others. It forms a link to fasten one man's interest to that of another, and helps, materially, to harmonise and bind the various pieces of the one great chain that links together the social and moral interests of the one great human family. Therefore, it is strictly incumbent on every one to cultivate benevolent and sympathetic feelings to all their fellow-creatures, extending them throughout every word, deed, and thought, in reference to others, to the utmost possible limits that reason and justice will sanction or allow.

I think that all kindly disposed and sensible persons will admit, that every inclination should be encouraged and cherished, that has a tendency to soften without weakening the mind and heart. Few sensations add more to the happiness of the possessor, than unaffected delicacy of sentiment and feeling towards all deserving persons, with a ready will to aid them in all their laudable undertakings; add to this, pure sentiments of pity for the undeserving, and every help, as far as rectitude and propriety will permit, in order to reform their evil ways, and render them more worthy of the benefits bestowed.

The encouragement of such feelings as I have endeavoured to describe, and strongly recommend to my

young readers, has a tendency to soften the heart, and, if properly kept on this side the extreme, diffuses such a spirit of benevolence, modified by reason, as will never rob either the possessor or recipient of its just benefits or reviving influence. If thus kept in order, it acts with judgment, nor casts upon the worthless that which would better aid the deserving.

This true spirit of benevolence distinguishes the real Christian from the pretending, false one. Yet some real Christians are severe enough to cast the worthless off; they only denounce, whereas they should bestow a little labour to reform, and not thus carry Christianity to the extreme, forgetting that such stern reproof and punishment belong to God alone.

These stern rulers of the world and its infirmities have rather shunned than mingled with it, and know not how much the world contains to tempt the heart to sin. They have not wandered near the many channels that, exhibiting a clear and brilliant surface, invite the youthful, trusting heart to stroll upon the margin, till it slips from off the brink, and plunges into its sweetened waters, that much too often poison before they cloy, or else so vitiate the taste that it endures no purer stream, having lost all relish for that which is simple, plain, and wholesome. Then, again, these stern reprovers forget that they themselves are weak in judgment, have not the power to scan the human heart; and, failing to perceive the real motives for the acts of others, may impute an evil

intent when good is intended, though not achieved, and may denounce what God approves.

Now, as we can only be cognizant of the motives which arise in our own minds, and partial in construing those which spring from our too frequently deceitful hearts—deceitful to ourselves as much as to others, from the partiality of which I speak—we should be very guarded as to our judgment of the actions of others, unless the motive appears too palpably to be misunderstood. Then, if it be degrading, benevolence demands that we should cast a veil upon it, if this can be done with justice, propriety, and truth.

I wish not to recommend even virtuous properties to be practised in the extreme, lest they should lose thereby a portion of their virtue. The only evil to be apprehended from the cultivation of high sentimentality and tenderness of feeling is, that it may have a tendency, in some degree, to rob us of our moral courage, or enervate the mind for a proper exercise of moral rigour, where our feelings are concerned, and others might be the sufferers by our strict adherence to the rectitude of moral law. This may easily be prevented by calling reason to our aid; which will teach us to subdue or avoid the extremes of a tender, benevolent disposition. This disposition, if deeply ingrafted in the minds of men who possess withal a high degree of self-will, sometimes serves to wreck their own fortunes and the interests of their children and dependents, thereby promoting misery

instead of the happiness which is invariably the result of choosing the happy medium.

This choice, not only in benevolence, but in all things, is productive of the most salutary effects; but extremes in anything can only be productive of evil. Reason must be called in to rule us in our decision as to the proper amount even of benevolence, and the tender, sympathetic sensibilities that teach us to forget our own woes, while subduing or eradicating those of our friends, or the casual supplicants that come into our path.

Sensibility should never be permitted to sink us into lassitude or indolence, for unless actively employed, it becomes enervating, and effectually represses that energetic spirit of benevolence which looks upon distress, applies its own hand to the relief of suffering, seeks for those who pine in secret, and secretly relieves them, distributing its bounties in person. Thus we may facilitate the acquisition of a tender tone of feeling, and that which constitutes the essence of benevolence, a willingness to sacrifice a little of our own comfort to benefit others. The whole of this is consistent with the most delicate sensitiveness, refinement, and mildness of deportment, and is, at the same time, perfectly so with the most heroic fortitude.

Fortitude can never be more consistently or beneficially displayed than by unshrinkingly attending on the sick, the sore, and suffering, beholding all with mild enduring patience, and, even though the hand may

tremble, and the stomach nauseate, sustaining all without a murmur. If the hand can help, disregard its nervous tremor; perseverance will restore its strength; and the momentary pang that is felt will pass away, to make room for the happy thought that you have done your duty, and relieved a fellow mortal's sufferings. You may then have comfort in the reflection, that you have not foolishly exclaimed, as too many do, "I am so sensitive, it makes me sick; I cannot do it;" and yet when they impress the bed of anguish, they will look for soft and tender sympathy, and seek the ready aid of all around them.

Is this justice, law, or virtue? Can they respect themselves, or hope to be respected, who make no sacrifice of self, to win the merit that they claim; who make a silly, sensitive regard of self a pretext for their utter uselessness, and lose the most lasting charms of life by doing so?

How much more valuable those who study to unite with tenderness, strong feelings, acutely ardent sympathy, and delicacy of sentiment, combining all with firmness, fortitude, and resolution, thus forming a most finished character, attainable to all who study, on all occasions wherein they act, to co-operate reason with nature.

It is a difficult matter to separate self entirely from our feelings, while sympathising with others; a surcharge of pity from the eye, relieves the heart so much of the oppression, or sickness, that takes possession of the

feeling minded, when they behold another's misery ; and much too often is the tear of pity shed because the woe, over which the weeper bends, reminds them of something in their own life of a similar character, and thus calls up a fellow feeling ; or else, perchance, they might avert the eye from the contemplation of that which calls forth tears, or give a careless hearing to the tale of woe.

I once had a tenderly benevolent, kind sister, who was always seeking out the wretched, to relieve them ; and enhanced the happiness of others, and her own, by every act that can originate from sensibility, refinement, pity, feeling, poetry, and truth ; more pity for the little world in which she smiled and lived, that she has been numbered with the dead for some years. She one day was conversing with a person, who invariably called upon her for advice or help, in every distress or difficulty that befel her in her career. My sister always listened with a thoughtful, pensive look, her eye intently fixed upon the speaker. She then evidently proved that she had listened, and taken in the whole, by the plan of acting, or the relief that she proposed, embracing all the points revealed to her. On one of these occasions, the applicant exclaimed, "I do so love to tell my tale to you, for when I ask your advice or aid, you never avert your eye, or give a careless answer ; and it relieves my heart to feel that even one down here pities and hears me, besides my God." This observation, and a circumstance

that had wounded her own feelings, called forth the following stanzas, which I insert from her pen, for the benefit of my young readers.

“THE AVERTED EYE.

“Did you never, with a mind overpowered with grief,
Run to some dear kind friend, expecting relief;
Can you tell your sorrow, when, with a bitter sigh,
You begin your tale, and meet an averted eye.

“They listen, it is true, and they mingle a word,
So *mal apropos*, that you doubt their having heard;
They give you their advice, but their heart is not nigh:
Their words seem kind, but they have an averted eye.

“So you will find the world,—let adversity bring
Reflection to your mind, and care not for the sting;
Make your peace with God above, fix your hopes on high,
You will never meet in heaven an averted eye.”

I cannot too strongly recommend the adoption of the concluding part of this little piece, emanating from one, whose practice was an example to all who knew her, and whose absence from the scene in which I live takes from life the better half of its enjoyment; for we ever lived in peace and amity, and knew no separation, but to feel it deeply.

I would say something more relative to the general opinion of this world's ingratitude, a taint of character

much too commonly to be met with; yet so foul a relative, that no man living will own himself allied to it, though in reality his foster brother, cherished secretly. I am inclined to agree with the opinion as far as appearances go, but I deny that it does not exist internally, and is deeply felt. The proud heart often disdains to shew it, unless opportunity offers practically to exhibit the possession; then the grateful feeling, long pent up, is glad to escape its bondage, free to shew itself abroad, when it has obtained an undisputed passport for belief in its existence. Then, again, many have only words in which to express the feeling, and their language imperfect to do it; therefore, it is often supposed they have it not, when it burns their hearts to keep it in.

Most unjustly is the total want of gratitude imputed to the lower classes, by many whom I have heard dilate upon the subject, saying that they are incapable of the feeling; but observation, reflection, and experience have taught me to form a better opinion of them; and I could enumerate many striking instances of self-sacrificing charity, love, and gratitude, that have come within my own knowledge and observation. One of the latter character, which occurred within my own knowledge, I will relate, for the amusement of any young lovers of deep feeling, who may think fit to peruse these pages.

Travelling one day to Manchester, in the last stage-coach that drove thither from Liverpool, after the opening of the railway, when people's fears, raised by

the first dreadful catastrophe of Mr. Huskisson's death, deterred them from adopting the new mode of travelling. At the earnest request of my mamma, and to allay her apprehensions and prejudices, for she preferred old fashioned things, and thought the new mode of spinning through the air a sort of tempting of Providence to crush the world, for the impatient speed at which it was going against all opposition, I, as I have said, chose the stage-coach for my travelling conveyance. Arrived in Manchester, I stopped the coach as it was passing the end of the street in which I had to pay my visit, and seeing an idle man standing at the corner, who appeared more like what he really was (a sailor), than a porter, I said to him as I alighted, "Good man, can I hire you to carry this portmanteau?" "Yes, Miss, I was looking out for a turn." Accordingly, he took it up, and went on as I directed. Arriving at my friend's house, he carried it into the hall, and on putting it down, he read the direction aloud—"Miss C——, passenger." "Any relation Miss," said he, "to B. C——, Esq., banker and merchant?" "Yes, his youngest daughter. Why do you ask? Let me pay you. What is your charge?" "Nothing, Miss, from your father's daughter." "Nonsense, I am a stranger to you." "But your papa was not, Miss." "You have earned your money, let me pay you." "No: I cannot touch it. Your father saved me twice from starving; and after shipwreck, sheltered, fed, and clothed me, until he either had a berth to give, or could obtain one for me; and, if you possess but a

portion of his kind heart, you will make me happy by allowing me to be serviceable to you, my benefactor's child, while you remain in Manchester." My heart filled with pride and thankfulness, to hear him utter this due praise and tribute to my father's virtues. "He has been long since dead," said I. The sailor dropped a tear to keep mine company. "I am only too proud of his memory," I said, "and shall feel happy often to see one who honours and loved him." "Oh, thank you, thank you kindly, for the privilege," said he.

The following morning the sailor called, to know if Miss had any notes or messages that he could take, or anything that he could do. I employed him; and each succeeding day that followed, the same gentle tap came to the door. He made the same enquiry, always willing, always at hand, and ready to serve and help me. I thought sometimes he must have watched the door; for he was sure to be coming to it whenever it opened for my entrance or exit, and nothing made him more happy than to be working for me. He made my purchases, carried notes and messages, ran for my cabs, acted as my guide to wherever I wished to go, when the lady with whom I was staying had her professional duties to attend to, and could not accompany me. He followed with a cloak and umbrella whenever he discovered that I was out in the rain—in short, played lacquey, friend, protector, guide, or anything, to serve and please me.

Yet he did not feel that all he could do himself was enough. He brought his wife to serve me, and wished

her to wash my linen. This I positively refused, unless permitted to pay for it. No money would he take, nor allow his wife to do so either.

Thus he continued to act for a period of four or five months, when, being told that I was preparing to leave Manchester, he called to say that he had a great favour to ask of me. "Would I grant it; for it would make him so happy?" "Most gladly," said I, "if within my power; only name it, and let me do something for all I owe you." "Well, then, dear Miss, I wish you, before you leave the town, just to pay one visit to our poor cottage, that I may have the joy of seeing my benefactor's daughter in my own little cabin for once." I joyfully consented, highly pleased with the good man's truthful gratitude to my own loved parent.

The following day, at four o'clock, was appointed; but, unfortunately, my other engagements prevented my arriving at his snug little home before half-past five. They had given me up. I found the poor but honest couple sitting down to tea. When I entered, up sprang the hearty sailor, to welcome and apologise for not being, as he said, in proper order to receive me, though every thing exhibited the shining face that loves to shew itself, when honoured eyes regard it. Each article most worthy of my notice stood prominently forward, with the best side out; and every little marine gem, that traders on the ocean gather from the deep, was tastefully arranged to please my fancy for the curions.

The tea-tray, with its humble earthen equipage,

appeared the only thing he wished to have removed; but this I intercepted, exclaiming, "You must forgive me for not coming sooner, as you wished; but I see that I am come in pudding time, and I vow I will have a feast." Saying this, I seated myself beside the wife, and, gently snatching from her hand the cup she had previously poured out for herself, I gave her a kiss for resigning it so willingly, bending my head to drink it, and devour a piece of brown bread, that I might the better conceal the rheum which joyous filial pride, not sorrow, had drawn into my eyes. Seeing me thus seated, and partaking his food, the kind, good, honest, grateful sailor clasped his hands and burst into tears, saying, in a tone of heartfelt, energetic feeling, "My dear young lady, this is the proudest hour of my life, to see your father's child, the child of my noble benefactor, sitting as a friend beside us;" and he still wept tears of joy, while he blessed me for my father's sake, and prayed that God would always endow me with his benevolent spirit, my father's best inheritance. Most fervently he prayed to God to shield me from all evil.

Such was the savoury sweetener of my food! Oh, what a rich repast did I enjoy! No sumptuous feast, that hands could spread or ingenuity devise, could have tasted half so pleasant, or have been so reviving to my frame, in any gorgeous palace that ever was built, nor could it have lent a feeling to my heart of purer bliss than that infused by the simple fare that I partook in this small, humble cot, enriched by such a kindly welcome, and

washed down by sweeter beverage than ever in Champagne, Bourdeaux, or Lyons was distilled, or could be purchased with the orient metal—the *tears of gratitude*. I would not have relinquished it for any other feast; nor will I ever try to cast it from my recollection. I took my leave with fond regret; and, before I went, the sailor spread before me his little marine treasures, to tempt my acceptance. I gave due praise to all, but only selected one small shell and a tiny sprig of coral, telling him that I would keep them for ever for his sake.

The last office of his gratuitous services was to take my luggage to the packet, as I took a fancy to sail down the river Irwell. I felt that I could never again offer money, so presented him a simple braid watch-guard, wrought with my own hand. This he received with grateful tears; and only one poor, solitary half-crown, despite entreaty, could I prevail on his wife to take; and this, she said, she would always keep for my sake.

Who, among the proud lords of the world, possessing rank, talent, education, and all the advantages that fortune and high cultivation can give, could have acted with purer sentiment, finer feeling, and more disinterested generosity, or have exhibited more refinement of heart and honour, than this unlettered, low-born man? Ye men of rank, shake off the pride that teaches you to trample on the lowly born, to scorn them as inferiors, and own yourselves outdone, in virtue and nobility of soul, by this poor grateful sailor.

I must, to shew that women too can act a noble,

disinterested part, relate an instance that occurred to myself of self-sacrificing love and gratitude, which will serve to shew that such feelings exist in the low-born poor ones of the softer sex, and give a pattern to the rising generation. At the request of my medical advisers, I took lodgings in the country, at the house of a petty farmer, where the man farmed and the woman took in washing; they had for many years been employed by my mother, who frequently lent them money, relieved their necessities, and, on all occasions, sent trouble from their door. Yet, often becoming tired of their irregular payment, she would sometimes refuse a loan, when I, though a child, always pitied the old woman, who never forgot to bring young Miss a posy every Saturday; and, when I could not persuade my mamma to be lenient to her, I invariably contrived to coax the money out of some other member of my family, to give or lend to her; and she secretly paid it back by degrees. When I stood capering near my mamma, with my hands behind me, she knew from where to go and take the money, I little dreaming of the extent to which I relieved her.

Many years had passed, and I had grown a woman. The first day that I paid for my lodgings, she brought to my recollection, that I had known her many years; reminded me of my childish pity and constant help, saying, “Many ’s the time you saved me and my childer fro’ starving or begging; for, though the house and land were my old man’s inheritance, I could not, you see, tak’ stones out o’ th’ walls and turn um to bread. I

hope I am a grateful woman; and, now 'at you 've cum to live wi' us, and are badly, if good nossing can bring you round, it is here you shall have it."

Never was promise better kept. I had, indeed, good nursing. I lived with them three years and a half, during which period many were my seasons of severe illness and suffering, in which they laboured day and night to give ease to my pain; and, on all occasions, I was the only friend to whom they applied for aid and advice.

Before the expiration of the fourth year, the doctors advised me to try my native air, to save my lungs, they said; their skill being baffled in my cure, they knew not what else to propose. I complied, and left these good people with deep regret; for during the whole period that I lived with them, they (and particularly the youngest daughter, my constant attendant,) had evinced, on all occasions, the strongest feelings of fidelity, gratitude, and attachment.

After I left them, the youngest daughter, Sarah, never heard of any new attack of sickness, that she did not hasten to see, and assist in nursing me. On the last occasion of this kind, she met a lady of my acquaintance, and hearing that I was very ill again, she enquired was I so bad, as to need good nursing? Yes, replied the lady; what a pity Sarah that you cannot be with her, for her life is almost despaired of. "Then, I mun be with her," she exclaimed, and shot off like a dart, never stopping till she reached my house. It was

Saturday, she sat up all night with me, and the following day and night never retired, returning to her home on the Monday morning. This she did every week for the nine months that my ailments, having arrived at the crisis, kept me vacillating between life and death; the whole of this time, depriving herself of every leisure hour she had to spare from her laborious duties, and walking to and fro, each time, five miles or more.

I recovered, and having paid off my nurse servant and others, came last to Sarah, feeling it a difficult matter to reward her sufficiently, but resolved to do so to the utmost of my ability. I said, "Now, Sarah, you are the last, though by no means the least considered; tell me candidly all you would like me to give and do for you," at the same time opening my purse. The moment she saw the purse, she shrunk back in dismay, saying, "Noa, noa, don't epsult me by offering money;" then, bursting into a flood of tears, she covered her face on the bed, and exclaimed in an agony of sobbing, "Noa, noa, I cum for love, and nought but love shall pay me."

Not a shilling would she touch. In vain I remonstrated how she had worked for me; how certain I was of her love; how impossible it was to pay for it. Most certainly she ought to have a token from me, that I valued her kindness. "A new gown and shawl, Sarah." "Noa, that would take money to buy it." "Well, then, my kitchen table, that you admire so much, and my second best set of china, for your little cottage,

when you get married." "Noa: old Betty, that has nossed you between times, and has been a good servant in your family for twenty years, admires that as much; and your cheney is o'er grand for a poor wench like me; and you know you 're going to help furnish Betty's cellar, when you give up housekeeping." Again, dear girl, self-sacrificing for another. "Betty shall have it. But yourself, dear Sally, you are very hard to please." A bright idea seemed to strike her; and the still sobbing girl turned to me, with a lit up countenance, saying, "Well, sin' I mun tak summut to please you, Miss Loiza, I 'll tak ought as you 've wear'd yoursel." And she only allowed me to replenish her scanty wardrobe, with my own half-worn habiliments.

What a rich, deep tone of sentimentality must have pervaded that poor young woman's heart, while the briny flood poured down from her eyes, and she uttered her fond exclamation. It needed no flowery language to convey it to my soul, and make it as refreshing to my heart, as an oasis in the burning desert is to the wayworn, sinking traveller. Such little sprinklings of romance and love as these have given a sunshine to my life, and formed the oases for my spirit to recline upon, when adversity, sickness, or death has made, for a while, a desert of my home.

Having experienced so many instances, among the lower orders, of love, gratitude, and self-sacrificing benevolence, that the limits of an essay will not permit me to touch upon all; it would be hard indeed to

infuse into my mind, the idea that the lower orders are incapable of feeling gratitude, with such proofs to the contrary. I know that gratitude exists among them, when they have the opportunity to shew it; although expressed without refinement, the feeling still exists, and might be understood and experienced by every one, if superiors would bend a little, and communicate more freely with them; which may be done without familiarity, and in such a way as to strengthen, rather than weaken, their respect.

Superiors are often too contemptuous to the lower classes, particularly when they condescend to befriend, or give; and then, in equity, they lose the gratitude that otherwise would be their due. Having made the receiver of their bounty keenly feel their scorn, without presuming to resent it, they then receive full payment for their influential assistance, or their gift, in being allowed to burthen them with useless spleen, which only an obliged inferior would carry off to please them. Let superiors reform *their* spirit towards them, and try if the lower orders will not be grateful for the change, and give them a requital for it, by sacrificing self to serve them.

One more instance of gratitude that I experienced for my mother's sake, whose nature was cast in such a mould, that her kind warm heart induced her to play the Lady Bountiful, wherever she might dwell, I will relate. Lodging again in the country, when helpless and an invalid, I found it difficult to procure a person to draw

me out in my riding chair, and this being told in the neighbourhood, a gardener walked more than a mile every day, for nine weeks, to come and draw it for me; alleging, that my mamma had supplied his wife with every comfort in sickness many times, and paid for medical aid whenever she required it. For this he felt so grateful, that he should be glad to assist her suffering daughter. I willingly permitted it, expecting that, as he was a labouring man, he would let me pay for it; but not one farthing would he receive, protesting that I should grieve him if I offered it again; and thus he toiled between his working hours, his only motive being gratitude for benefits conferred so many years before, that there was sufficient excuse if they had been entirely forgotten.

Such instances as these have had a tendency to confirm me in the opinion, that gratitude exists more vividly in the working classes, than in any other grade. They feel deeply the benefits conferred, which, being more required, relieve the more; and, keenly experiencing the difference between these benefits and their former misery, their gratitude becomes the warmer; unless, indeed, they envy the rich who benefit them; then, unfortunately, they fail.

This evil passion, in whatever class it may exist, poisons all things that are purer than itself, and nothing good can spring where envy lives; it withers every flower that it can breathe upon, undermines the foundation of the possessor's own repose, and tries to

take away the props that others lean upon; it creates desires that cannot be appeased, inflicts punishment by the gnawing of its own craving appetite, and throws a dark veil over every virtue, that struggles to shine and spring up within its atmosphere. Then let me prevail on all the young who read these lines, so far to bring a gentle nature under the influence of right reason, that they will scorn to give a tenement to such a degrading master, but rather master him, and shut him out for ever.

Some people, who pretend to charity, and now and then give away a little coin, have not a single spark of it. They think that giving will suffice; they banish every kindly feeling, that bespeaks a sentiment of charity in their opinions of the deeds of others, straining at a gnat where others are in fault, yet swallowing a camel themselves; the beam in their own eye is a speck, their brother's mote a mountain; pretending great charity and pity, they cannot believe that others enjoy the same possession, but inspect their little faults with large magnifying glasses, and pick up every speck of dirt they find upon the surface, enlarging its proportions to a most unconscientious monopoly of space, and yet believe that they are charitable!

This sort of people at the same time bring forth no fruit, but hide their talents undispensed, or drag them forward in such small proportions, that they lose the power to benefit, or only half relieve; then they impute their failure to others, because their superficial

specks are magnified into large blots by the reluctant givers, who console themselves that they would be more charitable, if the faulty were more worthy, if they resembled more their own perfection. These people should know that charity sees faults with lenient eyes, diminishing their space, and not with magnifiers.

I once was intimate with a lady of this description, who came in one day to sympathise with me in my ill health, and recommend her favourite doctor, whose private character she said was vile, yet he was skilful. She had not sat long before she began to admire the work in which I was engaged, the embroidering of some perforated cards; wishing to learn the pattern, she proposed assisting me; I accepted the offer. She immediately began, but as she plied the needle enquired, "What they were for? Of course," said she, "they are for racks, for the chimney piece, to hold visiting cards." "For racks they are," said I, "but not for that description of card; they are to hold some fortune telling cards." "Oh dear," said she, "I will not work another stitch," and down the work went at once. "Are you so wicked, then, to waste your time in working such vain things? My dear young lady, you ought to be ashamed, but you are young and inexperienced."

"Pray, Madam, then," said I, "what is a visiting card?" "Why, such as these," at the same time elevating one from the table, "that ladies leave when they cannot see their friends, or they are not at home." "Say rather, Madam," said I, "a little insulting memoran-

dum, frequently left by those who feel very thankful for not having seen you, at the same that they express regret unbounded, and leave tender messages they do not feel. Is there no truth in that?" "I thought you had more liberality in you than that," said she; "but let me persuade you to give up that silly work: it is a sin for such a purpose." "The cards they will contain, have," said I, "only a merry verse upon them, that no wise person will believe. They are a satire upon fortune-telling, and the silly belief that any one can look into futurity." "Then they are a satire upon sin; and sin should only be spoken of to reprove it. Your mind should be better employed while you recline upon that couch." "This work employs my fingers only, Madam; the pattern formed, my mind can wander from it." "Yes, for a moment," said she, "but not to anything that is good." "Indeed you are mistaken," said I, sliding, from under the cushion on which I lay, a paper that I had written off an hour before, lest it should slip from my memory. It was the prayer I publish, beginning—

"Pardon, Great God, each sinful deed
I may have done this day."

"To prove that my mind can wander from them to something good," I said, "I will shew you this prayer, that I composed this morning, while working the cards." She read it, saying, "I should admire it very much, if every action of the day corresponded with it; but you may depend you have lost the favour of God for this prayer,

by inditing it while you were working those silly cards." In vain I argued that God regarded the heart more than the hands, having given us the latter for our temporal more than our spiritual works.

At last I said, "Pray now, do tell me all your actions of to-day. Come, let me know what bright example you have set me?" Agreed. She said that, in the first place, she had had many callers, who hindered her, and likewise some ladies who were on a visit at her house, from going out; and, while they stayed, she could not, in politeness, do anything but listen to their chat. She then went out to shew her friends the Exchange and Nelson's Monument. Then they had gone to purchase some engravings; and she would have landscapes, for they represented that which God had created; and she liked anything that led to piety.

She then went home, and, finding that the dinner was spoiled in cooking, she scolded well, and was ashamed to set her friends down to it. That afternoon she left her friends at home, and went to see some poor things that somebody had requested her to help, and she liked to see that she was not imposed upon; but, going there, she found they did not go to church. They were sick, poorly clad, and almost starving; but she would not help until they frequented the church. The next poor persons that she wished to help, if they deserved it, kept a dog; and, if they could keep a foolish, useless dog that they must feed, they could keep themselves. No help again. She next came to my neighbourhood, and called on me, to

know if I was better; and thus she sympathised with a sick friend; and she was sure that she had given me good advice, and had honestly told me what was not good in me without restraining her candour; but, to be equally candid, she must own one little fault that she had been guilty of. She had flown into a violent passion, because a stupid servant girl came in to sweep her drawing-room hearth, and forgot to turn up her beautiful carpet. It might have been spoiled with a hot cinder. She could have liked to box her ears, said she; but that was too unlady-like a thing to do; so she only gave it her well.

A second scolding in one day! and my poor prayer not answered, because my fingers improperly plied the needle, while I made it! Oh! vanity, vanity! I could have said, but did not. I thought I would try her charity again; so I told her of some wretched, starving people, near my own back door, beseeching her to help them with a trifle, for their state was most distressing; and I described it as feelingly as I could. "But do they love their Saviour?" she exclaimed. "I did not doubt it," I said, "for I know that they are strict, undeviating catholics." "What! Roman Catholics!" exclaimed she, in a tone of horror. "The Papist wretches! then they may starve for me, until they change their creed." In vain I pleaded, that the Scriptures and the Saviour did not tell us to enquire their creed, when the hungry, sick, and naked asked

our aid; but, to feed, sustain, and clothe them, in his name, and for God's glory, not our own. And the same Saviour bade us, "Judge not, lest ye be judged." I felt disgusted, so concluded with this hint.

She took leave, advising me again to leave those wicked embroidered things undone. I could not help exclaiming in my heart, as she was going, "Oh! thou strainer at gnats and swallower of camels! I care not if I never see thy face again." This lady's fortune was three thousand pounds a-year; with only herself and three servants to maintain, and not a child to leave it to. Her distant relatives were very poor, and got no help from her, or very little; but, as she sometimes gave a coin or two, she thought herself quite charitable, disdaining others, because they gave no more from smaller means; but such is human vanity and frailty, until regenerated. I thought that this anecdote and dialogue would illustrate my meaning; so now, forbearing any other digression, I will proceed to take the essay up again, and show how pity may be taught.

It is the duty of all parents, as soon as the minds of their children are sufficiently open to receive and understand the scene and reflect upon it, to take them to the bed of death, and teach them to contemplate it, as a state to which they must one day themselves arrive. It may be done without the slightest risk of giving hardness to their feelings; if, at the same time, they are taught to soften and relieve, while they contemplate,

the pangs inflicted upon the enshrouding clay, which the flitting soul throws off, and leaves behind inanimate, while it soars to the abode prepared for its reception.

Where can they better learn to shed the tear of pity for the woes and sufferings of others, or stretch the helping hand, to soothe those woes and sufferings, or tune their minds to sympathy? Where can they better learn the difference between a holy life and one of sin, than by the contemplation of the Christian's death and of the sinner's? the latter so much calculated to call forth pity, whether accompanied by repentance or not; the terrors of the tardy penitent, lest he should not be pardoned, being almost as great, as those of the sinner who has spurned repentance till it is too late, and, conscience stricken, dies without a hope. Where better learn, than at the bed of sickness and death, how to shake the pillow, with anxiety that it should give a fellow-creature ease.

And where can any scene be found more likely to call forth the tender sensibilities that teach us to be merciful to others, to sympathise with them, and pity all who feel distressed? Let it not be with the pitiful expression of, Poor thing! the eye averted and the lip upturned, at once disclaiming heaven-born pity, and adopting that which properly belongs to scorn. This only should be used to the irreclaimably worthless, and not even then, till reasoning, persuasion, and even severity have failed: contempt may then rouse up

their pride to seek for something like reform, that they may escape from scorn, the fangs of which are poisonous to all good feeling and to peace. Either to contemplate the bed of death, or to visit it in sickness, sorrow, or misfortune, where the hand may help, must have a tendency to teach us neighbour-love and charity.

Parents who possess not a single shilling to bestow in charity, may teach their children to have charitable feelings, if they have the hearts to do it. They may teach them to be lenient to the faults of others, and to offer kindly help to those who need such assistance as requires no money to effect; or they may use their influence with others to befriend, who have the pecuniary means. Or they may even spare a little, by depriving self of some of its desires; as mothers do sometimes, to give their children all. They can teach their children the same self-sacrificing spirit to their neighbours, until necessity compels them to lodge charity at home, their family's necessities requiring all they have, except sympathy, kind words, and casual aid.

A cup of water, given in charity, is something. A word, that soothes the spirit when distressed, is better than a shilling given with pomp and insult, and relieves the heart more fully. Every little kind construction put on the ambiguous acts of others, is a note of charitable feeling, worth a thousand witty speeches, that convey keen censure or abuse for motives never

known, but in the imagination of the censurer, or those only on which bland pity feels disposed to shed a tear, and wash the censure out.

Let every one act up to the dictates of a purely moral, conscientious code of dealing, to all mankind; and they may then, with safety, look upon the world's opinion as a thing of nought, or as not so essential that they cannot do without it. The truly good will always give them countenance, and they may disregard the good opinion of the vain, the frivolous, the jealous, malignant, envious, scornful, and deceitful. Much better these should rail, and show the world at once that you have no connexion with them; they are not worth contending with; pass on, and let them work their little mischiefs, they will recoil upon themselves, when you are better known among the good.

To such give pity, and let it be the pity that descends from heaven, so distinct from scorn, that scorn would blight it with a single look. The pity that is pure relieves itself, by doing something to relieve the pitied one; or else, its poignancy not having vent, the heart's current would overflow, or stagnate, and destroy the free circulation of its feelings.

Were pity taken from the world, the world would be a wilderness of roots and trunks, from which no healthful branch could spring, for want of pruning, training hands, and hearts to bring them to perfection. Take pity from the world, and you would take the heart's warm food away, and hearts would pine and

die for want of sustenance. Take pity from the world, and none but muddy, selfish tears would fall ; and these, in time, would dam up every source of purer crystal, and infuse therein a portion of their own putrescent slime, to poison the pure joys that flow from them. Take pity from the world, disease would enter in, and prostrate all, because there would be no hand to raise the fallen up.

Reject not pity, then, but take her to your breast, and cherish her — conceal her there from the gaze of vulgar, untaught eyes. But when you can let slip the hidden one, unseen by all but God, give her full play, and let her wander where she will ; for, should she even drop upon the worthless, the print she makes may cover some foul stain, or wipe it out for ever ; and then you may restore her to her former hiding-place, where she may see, but not always be seen, unless her public services and her bright example are wanted, to reform the world. She then may venture to stand forth again upon the bosom that sheltered her, when she crept in to avoid the rude shocks of jealousy and scorn that worldlings cast on virtues that shine bright like pity, which, descending from above, is heaven-born, and a constant tendent on benevolence — its counterpart and sister virtue.

These sister virtues were created for the purpose of helping to redeem the world from sin, or, at least, of teaching it to gain salvation from a higher source ; for more than half of God's commandments dwell within

their offices. Therefore, benevolence and pity must walk hand in hand together, or they are sure to stumble and fall into the pits dug for them by the cunning and wicked. Manifold are the snares laid down to entrap them, by those who envy their superiority, yet cannot or will not emulate it. Their spirit having caught up so much dross, it weighs them down to earth; and, being earth-born only, they find it difficult, sometimes impossible, to take in heaven-born things, or try to learn them.

Then I would recommend to all who read this Essay so to mingle pity and benevolence that they shall shine through every action, hope, thought, feeling, creating faith and charity, the christian graces that alone can lead them into heaven, and prepare a mansion for them in our heavenly father's house, to dwell throughout eternity.

SECTION I.

HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

On Sympathy, Charity, Pity, and Love.

TO THE READER.

Do thou be sympathetic, charitable, kind ;
Add pity, and in grief thyself, thou 'lt pity find.

Oh, give to me the sympathetic soul, that feels
A woe, e'en though 't is transient, for another's grief ;
Give me the soul that looks upon distress, and heals,
And asks no recompense, but power to give relief.

I do delight to view the workings of a soul,
Attuned to charity's soft impulses, unfold ;
Which, heaven directed, with a force beyond control,
Doth deeds of love ; oh, 't is most lovely to behold !

Ah! let not any shun the melancholy tale,
 Urged by the widowed or the disappointed heart;
 Attention, or a soothing word, will oft avail,
 To turn aside, or render less the thrilling dart.

Oh, ye unfeeling, who seek none but selfish joys,
 Where will you find relief, when fortune yields no store?
 Unused to offer help for others' keen alloys,
 Where will you meet a soothing friend, when you implore?

Turn not away, when sorrow tells the melting tale,
 But kindly bend, in sympathy, the listening ear;
 Or think not, when thine own heart sorrowing shall wail,
 That friendship will put forth a hand, to dry thy tear.

Feel once the joy imparted by a deed of love;
 Once feel the pleasing consciousness of doing good;
 Do all, to glorify the God of heaven above;
 Such consciousness is heaven, when rightly understood.

And none but those who glorify him in their deeds,
 Can ever truly feel this inward, heavenly joy;
 A peace on earth, which heaven's own peace alone exceeds,
 And this vain world's ingratitude cannot destroy.

Ye weak mortals, whose frailties demand from above
 The forbearance of mercy, of pity, and love;
 Refuse not to your fellows the boon ye receive,
 For bright pity's soft meltings will ne'er make ye grieve.

And much sweeter than dew are the tears that distil
 From the pitying eye and passionate heart,
 Not more sweet the perfume which the rose cup doth fill,
 Than the feelings which pity's kind soothings impart.

The charitable heart is ever prone to feel
 Enhancement of its happiness, by deeds of love ;
 While stretching out the hand, another's woes to heal,
 A blessing falls upon the spirit from above.

The ebon veil of night descends upon our brow
 With bland serenity, when conscience feels no sting ;
 And our hearts' zealous, tender feelings teach us how
 The sweets of heaven-born charity, and peace, to fling.

Where misfortune assails, let us ever give aid ;
 May our hearts e'er effuse the soft soul of the dove.
 May we ne'er the complaints of the helpless evade,
 But feel sympathy, charity, pity, and love.

The Widow,

RENDERED MORE DISCONSOLATE, BY THE DEATH OF
AN ONLY SON.

Bereaved of every tender tie,
The mournful widow heaves her sigh ;
The sense of killing grief she feels
Is known but unto One, who heals ;
The bleeding heart, unseen by all,
But his keen eye, who sees the fall
Of every hope, ordained to bless,
Or animate, or more or less,
Weak mortals' passage here below ;
And he alone could hear and know,
To what extent she felt and sighed :
Or how, or why her last hope died.

Her only son to inter to-day,
Leaves her without one earthly stay ;
Mournful she sits, on yon cold stone,
Unsoothed, unheeded, and alone ;
Communing with herself and God :
Reluctant to her drear abode,

To turn her feeble steps alone,
 Where smiling welcome once was known ;
 Ah ! whither gone, who once so smiled,
 And the now lone one sweet beguiled,
 And taught the rosy flush to glow
 On the round cheek, now shrunk with woe ;

Her face is pale, and wan with grief,
 No zealous friend to give relief,
 And few her cause of grief can tell.
 'T is uttered by yon passing bell,
 She listens to its dismal toll,
 And every stroke thrills through her soul ;
 Ah, who can tell the fearful thrill
 She feels, while listening. Can it kill ?
 Or must she linger, still to know
 A fuller cup of brimming woe—
 Brimming, on earth, to overflow,
 And as the full fraught stream runs o'er,
 To glide away, be seen no more ?
 The soul, no longer pressed to earth,
 Will soar on high, and gain new birth,
 To teach it how the spirit may,
 Even while it trembles, yet obey
 The high behests of God, and feel
 Resigned, even though his mandate seal
 The doom, that wrecks her only joy.
 What speaks that knell ? What of her boy ?

It ushers to his native dust
 Her dear, and only earthly trust ;
 Her last fond hope is gone away,
 Nought left that cheered a former day,
 Alone she 's left, alone must live,
 Nought to receive, and nought to give ;
 No voice to soothe, no hand to aid,
 Or smooth her pillow ; low is laid
 Each hand, and head, and heart, that would
 Have lent her aid, advice, and food.

It seems but as a day, since she
 Was blithe, and blessed, as she could be ;
 Her good old man trudged by her side,
 Though bent with age, she was his pride ;
 A happy pair, they walked together,
 And never failed, whate'er the weather,
 The word of God to go and hear ;
 They kept the sabbath, knew no fear,
 Their trust was in the God of love,
 They sought for aid but from above :
 In social partnership they trod
 Their earthly cares, or way to God ;
 Nor knew a fear, but to offend
 Their first, their last, their only friend.

One comely youth they had, to share
 Their joys, and griefs, and frugal fare ;

He was the pride of either heart,
 And each fond parent did impart
 The lessons read in virtue's page ;
 He, by his goodness, blessed their age,
 And gave a more elastic joy
 To each fond look cast on their boy ;
 He early read the book of life,
 And meekly shunned this world's vain strife ;
 Their lessons made him free from guile,
 And fortune seemed on him to smile :

He had become of such an age,
 That he in business could engage ;
 And he endeavoured to repay
 Their love to him of former day,
 By every act that could assuage
 Their petty cares, and soothe their age ;
 When lo, the hand of God was near,
 To cast a cloud o'er his career :
 His fond-loved father called from hence,
 Rendered his prospects blank and dense ;
 He reeled beneath the uplifted hand ;
 His fortitude could not withstand
 The sudden shock ; his young heart rent,
 Long indulged grief his body bent ;
 With languid steps he went to toil,
 With aching heart he tilled the soil,
 His only parent to supply
 With food and raiment, till she die.

The good old widow, now his care,
 Checked her own grief, his toil to share,
 Nor recked she of the coming ill,
 Which must her soul with anguish fill,
 And sink her spirit deeper still ;
 Her dearly loved, her only boy,
 Whose presence e'er did mount her joy,
 To sparkle in her aged eye,
 When he did fondly linger by,
 Presented on his hectic cheek
 A fearful speck, which did bespeak
 A malady consumed his life :
 But she knew not the inward strife,
 That slowly crushed the power to save,
 And drew its victim to the grave.
 Ah, when the fatal stroke did fall,
 It overwhelmed heart, soul, and all.

Now firmly clasped in woe's embrace,
 Its ravage-lines upon her face,
 See, there she sits, a monument
 Of pale, wan sorrow, with age bent :
 Her languid eye, and livid cheek,
 Its depth and fervency bespeak ;
 Dependent now on worldly souls,
 Whom love nor charity controls,
 She sinks beneath the afflictive rod,
 And who can soothe her? None but God

In prayer to Him, her soul ascends,
And every earthly thought suspends.

Oh thou, who dost the sparrow feed,
Give succour in her time of need ;
Teach her to bend to thy behest,
And own that all from thee is best ;
Render her fit to soar above,
Then take her to thy home, thy love :
And may she there by those be met,
Who lately paid off nature's debt ;
May they in glory see her rise,
And welcome her beyond the skies ;
For well thou knowst, her soul doth mourn,
That thou hast called them to the bourne,
From whence none ever can return.

The Sigh and the Tear

DISCOURSING.

THE SIGH.

Pause, trickling tear, reveal to me why
Thou dost descend from the trembling eye?
Art thou called by sin from thy cell?
The cheek which thy briny globe bedews
Is fevered o'er, and would fain refuse
Thee a passage beyond thy well.

THE TEAR.

I come not from my fountain of brine
To hold discourse with thee or with thine,
But to ease a heart much oppressed.
Though healing dews thy soft sighs distil,
Yet the beating heart with pain they fill:
I better relieve the distressed.

THE SIGH.

Nay, tell me not that a sigh gives pain,
The heart o'erwhelmed with remorse may gain
A transient relief by sighing.

The gentle repose that sighs can give,
 Imparts a sweet balm to those that live—
 Like the Christian's sigh when dying.

THE TEAR.

'T is said that the vital stream doth spend,
 A single drop, at every sigh's end :
 The frame is reduced by sighing.
 But the eyes, that overflowing stream,
 Will always emit a brighter beam :
 Nature's first solace is crying.

THE SIGH.

The dewy tear unburthens the brain,
 But the heart relief from sighs can gain—
 They carry the tension away.
 When pent up sorrow distends the heart,
 It craves the relief that sighs impart—
 Ere the tongue can be taught to pray.

THE TEAR.

A prayer, without the penitent's tear,
 Has little to ask above, I fear.
 A tear even softens heaven's frown :
 The penitent's sigh can ne'er prevail,
 Unless the tears, descending like hail,
 With remorse and sorrow pour down.

THE SIGH.

Since, sighing and crying, each relieve,
 Though bitter both, I will ne'er believe
 That we ever inflicted pain ;
 Unless the tear descended from fear,
 Or foul remorse of conscience drew near,
 And buoyant rectitude was slain.

THE TEAR.

The tear and the sigh, much better then
 To be heaved and shed together, when
 The heart is oppressed with sorrow ;
 Since both relieve, and subdue, the pangs
 That conscience inflicts with poisoned fangs,
 Let each from the other borrow.

THE SIGH.

A charm from the sigh, to lull the heart.

THE TEAR.

A flood of tears, relief to impart,
 When the sigh has opened the stream.

THE SIGH AND TEAR IN CHORUS.

The Tear and the Sigh, together shall cheer,
 And subdue the pangs of tremulous fear ;
 And rapture from the eyes shall beam.

Stanzas,

Written on the day of the funeral of little Sarah Ellen Corf, my brother
Nelson's infant, December 14, 1839.

This day the parents' solemn tread,
Unto death's vault must lead the way,
And there behold the silent dead,
The once loved, loving, living clay.

See varied shells, which now enfold
Those once young, beautiful, and gay ;
His first-born child, again behold,
Sweet solace of a former day.

Coffined, confined, concealed from view,
Ah who can tell the bitter pang,
Those emblems of her death renew ;
Again he hears the mournful clang—

Of knell, that ushers to the tomb,
Another beaming beauty's bud ;
Resign him, Lord, unto this doom.
Teach him that thy behests are good.

Another in the grave is laid,
Ah, who can tell, how soon we all,
To that drear home may be conveyed,
Enshrined in coffin, shroud, and pall.

Oh teach us then, oh Lord, to view
The present life as but a span,
Nor hold thy mercies as our due,
The boon, but not the right of man.

Teach us, by preparation meet,
The pangs of death to set at naught;
Teach us at thine, and Jesus' feet,
To pour our life, love, every thought.

When the same tomb shall open wide
A passage to the realms above,
May faith, truth, hope our hearts divide,
And frame a passport to thy love.

The Return of the Sabbath.

Another sabbath day is here,
How have we spent the week gone by?
If well reviewed, I greatly fear
Conscience, o'ercharged, would heave a sigh.

How vain, for an incarnate soul
To pride himself on well spent days ;
Human designs, throughout the whole,
Untaught by God, demand no praise.

To God be praise, for every thought
Which leads us to the throne of grace ;
Unless by him our precepts taught,
Sinner's hope not to see his face.

Resplendent with the heavenly light
Which beams upon his chosen fold ;
Redoubled by his glorious might,
Too strong for mortals to behold

Awake then, sinners meekly bow ;
Before the footstool of the Lord ;
Pray unto him, to teach you how
To cull the precepts which afford

To earthly residents a peace,
Redolent with heaven's perfume ;
A spirit, when earth's visions cease,
That bursts the shackles of the tomb.

To soar above to endless joy,
Where angels sing in endless praise,
And holy love without alloy,
Enthroned on endless, happy days.

Oh may each dying sinner gain
Full benefit of ransom paid ;
And long before his death obtain
A heart regenerate, new made.

Introductory

TO THE FOLLOWING POEM ON ENVY.

THE following piece will serve to shew to my youthful readers that, even in seasons of extreme suffering and affliction, the mind may exercise itself, by reflection, into a spirit of resignation and contentment. The task is very difficult at first; but by perpetually computing our blessings, and contrasting them in our own minds with our vexations and petty grievances, we shall invariably find that the good predominates over the evil.

It was a constant rule with me, whenever I felt disposed to murmur at the severity with which the Almighty thought fit to lay his hand upon me, to take my pen and write down every blessing I enjoyed on one half of the leaf; and then, on the opposite half, my grievances; and draw a balance-sheet, calling upon my memory for recollections of cases in which others were much more deeply afflicted than myself, thus infusing into my mind a spirit of thankfulness, by proving that my blessings amounted to a greater number than my misfortunes. This exercise invariably ended in a feeling of penitence for my unreasonable

murmurs. And I often exclaimed, O God, forgive me that I murmured, thou having dealt so gently with me. Who, and what, am I, that thou shouldst be so mindful of me? Let me bless thee for the good I enjoy, and accept thy chastening as the hand of love. Thus the exercise always ended in thanksgiving for my blessings. I could then pursue my little employments with cheerfulness.

I generally chose such employment as required thought and contrivance, in order to give my mind full employment; making my own patterns for my work, inventing new fashions in fancy work, putting my thoughts into rhyme, drawing, and writing, my mind, was insensibly withdrawn from reflection on my bodily pains; and, if deeply interested in what I was doing, I sometimes endured very acute pain without the slightest external evidence that I was suffering. Indeed, I at last became so accustomed to it, and acquired such a command over my nerves and countenance, that when surrounded by my young friends, I could enjoy their mirth and gaiety to a great extent, even when almost in agony, from some severe spinal remedy, such as keeps the patient in the Doctor's hands more than it relieves the ailment.

Many felt surprised that one so young could resign the gaieties of life, and all its enjoyments, not only to lie a prisoner in one small space, helpless and immovable, unless with aid, but to continue cheerful under such a severe dispensation of providence. But, as I have said before, the exercise I describe assisted me wonderfully,

and, though very difficult, became habitual, always ending in the conviction to my mind, that the good everywhere predominates over the evil. Both observation and experience have taught me to believe this. All accidental evils may be patiently borne; for nothing is so bad, but it might have been infinitely less endurable, had God so willed it.

But it is worse than all, if the evil is the result of our own misconduct; then conscience most likely produces an overwhelming amount of sorrow, with which the descending grace of God alone can combat, to revive the depressed, and restore them to lost virtue. The ethereal influence of virtue falls like balm upon the soul. Though vice may reign triumphant for a while, if virtue once regains its throne therein, it lifts the soul that it inhabits up to heaven while yet on earth; the very contrast between the two influences fixes the latter in its second elevation with a firmer hold, after having felt the pangs inflicted by a dereliction from its pleasant paths, lit by the sunshine of an inward consciousness of rectitude.

Remorse of conscience is, and ever must be, the attendant upon vice; and should pride even succeed in checking all external evidence of its existence, it is for this only the more deeply felt internally. Far be it from any of my young readers ever to feel this self-inflicted torture; conscience won't lie still, and the only way to shun its weapons, is to avoid all actions that may require the use of them.

On one of the days that I felt disposed to infringe

on this precept, by murmuring at the decrees of Providence, I diverted my mind from the error by exercising it in the following poem, which had the effect of soothing me into a more cheerful tone, and withdrawing my thoughts from my bodily pains and infliction. For a while, I diverted myself by observing the passers by, or loiterers, from my window, painting in my minds eye a sort of whimsical character for each, which I drew from their appearance or manner; when tired of this amusement, I turned to my writing materials, which, with my needle works, were always placed near me, and I wrote the following composition which, as it is a faithful transcript of the workings of a youthful heart and mind, desirous of well-doing and well-thinking, my readers may, perchance, excuse its want of poetic imagery, for the sake of its truth, simplicity, and moral feeling, based upon religion and undeviating confidence in the wisdom, justice, and mercy of the Supreme Omnipotent:

All Envy I disclaim;

OR, THOUGHTS ON VIEWING THE PASSENGERS FROM
MY WINDOW.

OFT have I said, I envy not
Of any human soul the lot,
Except, perchance, a time or so,
The merry hearts that walk below ;
I see them blithely trip to day,
And this has tempted me to say :
I envy not your lot, 't is true,
But yet, the power to walk, I do ;
The only gift that I would take.
Nought else, no earthly power should make
Me change my lot with any one —
Their way of life, to me unknown ;
Nor yield my feelings up, which glow
With peace for those I do not know.
Although my limbs I cannot use
Now, as perchance they may abuse
The privilege of doing so,
By walking where they should not go.

I would not from that group choose out,
 And pray, like them, to go about,
 Lest, if the power were granted me
 To walk where they do, I might be
 In much worse plight than I've e'er known—
 Still worse than now, with strength o'erthrown,
 Leading a most unholy life,
 Encompassed all by sin and strife.

Oh, then, forbear, my heart, to feel
 A wish to gain another's weal.
 Fully resigned, oh ne'er repine,
 But meekly bear this lot of mine.
 Surely I may; for who more blessed
 With friends, who do their very best
 To take away my pains, and give
 Me strength and peace and health to live.
 Can any one receive more love
 From those who ever constant prove;
 From those who nurse, pray for, and give
 Me joys which make me wish to live.
 Yet feelings which, if doomed to die,
 Will make me quit them without sigh.

Therefore, I cannot envy those
 Who may have fewer friends than foes,
 Who, though possessed of joys unknown,
 May, like the beauteous rose full blown.

Have thorns concealed underneath,
 Which, pressed upon their points, will sheath
 In the rude hand that would disclose
 Their habitation ; for the woes
 Of others must be felt by those
 Who ever roughly discompose
 The covering which would conceal
 From worldlings not too prone to heal.
 Such joy arises from the healing,
 Possessing power ; I court the feeling.
 I heal all those who may apply ;
 If not, I give them sympathy ;
 But not unless their lives have proved
 That they their God and Saviour loved.
 Then I most joyfully can feel
 The pain infused by looking on
 The griefs of others, and can heal
 And soothe the grief I gaze upon,
 And envy not, again I say,
 The joys of others much more gay.

Again I say the same bold thing —
 I envy not proud England's king,
 The lofty pomp at his command,
 Nor crown nor sceptre in the hand.
 I envy not the worldly state
 Of any duke, or dame, whom fate
 Has placed in higher sphere.

I envy not the pompous joys,
 The rackets, balls, and gilded toys,
 Which unto higher rank adhere ;
 For do they not abound in pangs
 Much worse than those my body rend ?
 The green-eyed monster's poisoned fangs,
 And hopeless love, too oft attend
 Those beings who, like butterflies,
 Flaunt recklessly before the eyes
 Of nobles they would captivate ;
 In whom they oft contempt create,
 For seeking rich establishment,
 When they should rather seek content.
 Join hearts which can responsive beat,
 And all each other's hopes repeat—
 Refraining e'er to heave a sigh,
 Unless in concert they may try
 To soothe each other's petty grief,
 And fondly try to give relief.

How much more blessed the wedded life,
 How much more free from guilt and strife
 With those who seek domestic joys,
 And wisely shun all useless toys
 Which fortune only can procure ;
 For which so many maids endure,
 Nay seek, the mortifying state
 To know they love nor joy create.

Resigning love for worldly show
 With one to home's sweet joys a foe,
 They condescend to link their fate,
 Not blessed with love, but pomp and state.

I could not envy such, as these
 Have infinitely more heart's ease
 Than through such hearts can ever flow.
 The stings of conscience I don't know,
 Except to feel that I do sin,
 And am unworthy to dwell in
 The resting place which God will give
 To those who holy lives do live.
 Resigned unto the will of God,
 I bend submissive to his rod.
 What though it whips me sore sometimes,
 I know that 't is not for my crimes.
 Scripture declares God scourgeth whom
 He loveth ; and a happy doom
 He has prepared for those who hear
 His mandate meekly, and who fear
 And love their God with heart and soul—
 Commending Jesus through the whole.

Now, feeling that I do all this,
 How can I envy earthly bliss?
 The portion which is given to me
 Is more than everywhere I see.

How many now in sickness groan,
 Who have no friends to soothe their moan ;
 Who, unrelieved, unaided, lie
 Oppressed with pain, and near to die ?
 How much more blessed am I than these !
 Such efforts made to quell disease !
 Diseased like others I might be ;
 Like some, deprived of eyes to see
 Sweet Nature's beauties, and the arts,
 Lose all the joys that sight imparts,
 And be a greater burden still
 To those who, ever kind, fulfil
 Each wish and want that I may feel ;
 For ever seeking things to heal
 And raise me up in health, to dwell
 Again with friends, who love me well.

Then still do thou forbear, my heart,
 To wish to take another's part.
 The part assigned for me to act
 Is with few worldly snares attacked.
 I often wish to roam at large :
 But how much greater, then, the charge
 Which I should be bound to fulfil,
 Were I to roam abroad with those
 Who go to galas, balls, and shows.
 I might be led to do more ill ;
 For though their persons look so gay,
 The hearts contained therein, perhaps, may

Be fraught with evil or with grief,
 Which seeks concealment or relief.
 Concealment rather; for gay scene
 Takes little part with grief, I ween.
 And though the looks may brightly shine,
 As though imbued with truth divine.
 Pride, envy, jealousy, and strife,
 And all the ills that chequer life,
 May hide themselves 'neath gay attire.
 Courting the idlers, who admire
 A shining surface. They forget
 That what lies underneath may yet
 Be much less brilliant, and gay,
 And sportive than the looks which say,
 "Come, toy with me; I 'm light as air;
 Each winning wile I will prepare,
 To snare your sense, and captive take
 Your novice hearts, for frolic's sake."

The wild coquette may do such deed;
 Her hapless fate you now shall read:
 When youthful bloom has flown away,
 And young men will no longer pay
 The homage which she thinks her due.
 The silly maid would then renew
 Her bloom, by frail cosmetic art,
 And try in vain to take the part
 Of sweet sixteen, in hopes she can,
 By seeming youth, attract the man

Who, when she reigned a toasted belle,
 She could, with haughty look, repel,
 Unfeelingly pronounce his doom ;
 His rank too low ! did he presume
 To ask a lady, whose fair hand
 Was sought by bravest in the land !
 Was sought ; but tell me who will now
 Unto this faded beauty bow ?
 Some male coquette, perchance, may pause,
 Pretendingly to give applause,
 And seek, by flirting, to conceal
 The keen chagrin that he may feel
 For having lavished prime of life,
 Unsoothed, uncherished by a wife ;
 A selfish, sordid bachelor,
 Possessing nothing man cares for ;
 Who, like the lady he attends,
 Has nought to love,—nor child, nor friends, —
 With whom none seek to join their fate.
 They both have fluttered till too late.

Yon statesman, we will now suppose,
 To galas, balls, and opera goes ;
 But not more blessed is he than they,
 Although, perchance, he looks more gay,
 Or rather stately, as he strides
 And views the pomp in which he prides.
 Ambition governs his desires ;
 The conquest to which he aspires

Is gain of higher rank and rule,
 For which he ever is the tool
 Of lofty tyrants, proud but weak,
 With whom he would alliance seek.
 He vainly struggles to attain
 A ground so difficult to gain,
 Jostled by others, who all try
 To overcome him, and outvie.
 He sees them step above him, and
 Grasp all that he aimed to command.

A post of honour to obtain,
 He courts e'en fools, their vote to gain ;
 But, ever though in vain he tries,
 His foul ambition never dies.
 Spurred by its insatiate fire,
 The statesman ever will aspire,
 Himself more oft to elevate,
 Than seek the weal of king or state.
 But yet, were we to tell him so,
 This statesman would have us to know —
 That love of country, patriot zeal,
 Anxious solicitude to heal
 His country's woes, promote her good,
 Were all for which he ever could
 Wish to obtain a higher fate,
 Wherein he might direct the state.
 Vain man! thou knowst not thine own heart :
 For worlds I would not take thy part :

And I must say, I envy not,
 For any cause, Ambition's lot.

In every human lot, depend,
 Joys, griefs, perplexities, will blend
 Themselves, and take alternate stand,
 In spite of all we may have planned;
 And only God can e'er unfold
 What will occur to young or old.
 Wisely ordained, he doth conceal
 From mortals both the woe and weal;
 In secret, wills what shall befall,
 To elevate or crush us all.
 And he will give to every state,
 Which he hath made, or may create,
 Such good or ill as he deems fit,
 And 't is for us to bend to it;
 Yet seeking good, avoiding strife,
 In wedded or in single life.

Single or wedded, old or young,
 I 'll end as I began my song.
 I envy not the rank or lot
 Of any one; this world has not
 Another station I would take,
 Unless, with surety, I could make
 An estimate of all the good,
 The grief, or joy, with which God would

Endow the change of fate I chose.
 But, as nought human can disclose
 The future life assigned to me,
 I bless my God that I can be
 Resigned unto my present woes :
 May he to me his will disclose,
 And teach me so to live, that I
 May see his face, whene'er I die,
 Beam on me with a smile of light
 For having ta'en the path that 's right.
 And may I hear him sentence give,
 Which shall award to me, to live
 With angels that surround his throne,
 Whose endless praise is all his own.

There may I meet, and near him see
 Each loved one he has ta'en from me :
 Again behold that sister dear,
 Whose absence renders life more drear.
 Oh, may I near my Saviour see
 Her fond, loved face ; to welcome me,
 May she advance, and wish me joy
 For having soared, like her, on high ;
 Her visage then would shine more bright,
 If gladness can increase heaven's light—
 As 't would be o'erspread with glory ;
 My mind's eye has it now before me,
 Each feature beaming with heaven's lustre,

While beckoning me to join the choir
Of angels, who around her cluster,
And, like her, strike the seraph's lyre,
Ecstatically sing aloud,
Each note re-echoed by heaven's crowd.
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord,
All pouring forth with one accord,
For ever singing songs of praise
To God and Jesus, who would raise
Us ransomed sinners to the skies,
For whom he made such sacrifice,
At God's right hand will intercede,
And pardon for all sinners plead.
Oh may my soul prepare to meet
The King of kings, whom angels greet;
To Him and to the Lamb, in praise.
My voice in gladsome measure raise,
Thanksgiving in my song to blend,
To God, for joys that never end;
To Jesus, for the ransom given,
To take us sinners up to heaven,
Triumphantly there we may sing
To God, our Father and our King.

Address to a Linnet.

Written while lying in an Orchard, on my spinal couch, where I
listened and watched its sports on the tree.

Could a sportsman behold thee, thou sweet, pretty thing,
And desire to deprive thee of breath?
No; he surely would pause, and would let thee take wing:
Or destroyed, would repent of thy death.

For how could he look on the sweet bird he had killed,
And not wish that the deed were undone?
As he looked on thy frame, his bold heart would be filled
With chagrin for the prize he had won.

With thy plumage so gay, and thy bright sparkling eye,
And thy music so thrilling and sweet,
May the wings that assist thee to soar near the sky
Bear thee off when the sportsmen shall meet.

For I would not that such a sweet thing should expire,
Or that mankind so cruel should be,
As to seek to destroy thee, or feel the desire
To molest one so lovely as thee.

Mayst thou hop o'er the branch that supports thy light
frame,

Quite secure that no harm will come near.

While I gaze on thy sports, I will worship the name
Of thy Maker, who sent thee down here.

The munificent Being, who all things sustains,

Should for ever receive all our praise.

Let each creature compute every blessing he gains,
He will worship and walk in His ways.

May God still continue to place in this sphere

The creatures that aid us to live ;

And we, poor frail mortals, for ever revere

The hand which such bounty doth give.

On Health.

HEALTH is a blessing all creatures should prize,
'T is the richest inheritance under the skies ;
It rides through the world like a swift footed horse,
Luxuriant pleasures abound in its course ;
It strolls in the fields at the break of the morn,
And follows the sound of the hunter's horn ;
It walks by the plough, and it lashes the team,
Rejoicing at noon in the sun's lively beam ;
It goes with the labouring swain to toil,
And blithely he sings while he tills the soil.
The husbandman basks in its sunny heat,
And seeks to improve his country retreat.

*It gives to the neighbouring squire and hounds
The power to reply to the horn's thrilling sounds,
And animates every huntsman's throat
While he tries to echo the cheering note,
Inviting the peasantry, far and near,
To view and admire their joyous career ;
Forgetting the pangs they inflict in the race,
On the trembling fox they so anxiously chase.

* Squire Blackburne and his hounds passed the Orchard in which I lay on my spinal couch, while I wrote this piece.

Oh, the charms of health can scarcely be told,
 Reviving alike to young and old ;
 And dear woman's elastic form, I ween,
 Enriched with rude health, adorns every scene ;
 Her footsteps are light ; her breath, sweet as hay,
 Gives fragrance to every word she may say.
 Health gives to a woman a livelier grace,
 E'en though she exhibits a wrinkled face ;
 It heightens each charm, and renders her smile
 A most potent spell, the heart to beguile,
 Enhancing the charm that each look contains,
 Confirming strength where her influence reigns,
 And bending the spirit beneath her frown
 That would dare dispute her love or renown.

Health gives unto youth a heavenly glow,
 Heightens each beauty a Hebe can shew,
 Embalms the breath, and, like evening dew,
 Casts a glitter on every charm in view.
 It gives to the smile a most witching grace,
 And makes more benign Benevolence' face,
 Inplanting a feeling within the heart
 That bids it perform a more generous part,
 Relieving the woe of the heart distressed,
 And supporting the form with sickness oppressed,
 Till the roseate bloom is again restored,
 Or the freed flitting spirit has upward soared.

Health gives to good humour magnetic power,
 Which attracts new votaries every hour,

Inviting Momus and Jocus to meet,
 And in each young assembly take their seat,
 Uniting their powers with Wisdom and Wit,
 To enchant the circle in which they sit,
 Thus giving to joy a livelier glee,
 To merriment's laughter a musical key,
 A ringing tone to the voice that is glad,
 The eyes' rays dancing as though they were mad.

Health gives to the appetite eagerness' glow ;
 'T is the best promoter of pleasure below,
 Enriching each feast with a relish, a *gout*,
 That imparts to the palate a feeling quite new,
 Prolonging the taste till the senses reel
 With the force of joy that a *gourmand* can feel ;
 But in purest health it is gently felt,
 And the heart gives praise for the mercies dealt.

Health gives a rich beauty to sentiment's tear,
 And imparts to the form a sweet grace ;
 It subdues the pangs of tremulous fear,
 And it mellows the pitying face.
 Health gives to virtue a steadier glow ;
 It improves each tone and each feeling ;
 It heightens each blessing heaven can bestow —
 All its charms are beyond revealing ;
 And every form that enjoys its repose
 Owns a talisman worth retaining —

An antidote sure for mortal woes,
The power of earth's poisons restraining.

Health sports in the meadows and floats in the breeze,
And gives us the power to roam where we please.
It takes us at morn to the rural glen,
To gaze on the works both of God and of men,
There beholding with joy the rise of the sun,
Gilding wondrous works the first hand hath done,
And giving a light to the sons of men,
To accomplish each work engaged in then.
Health gives us power, in the heat of the day,
To lave in the stream where lively trout play,
And bask in the beams of the noon-day glare,
That renders the landscape so bright and fair,
Inviting each insect to hum His praise,
And brighten its tints in the sun's mellow rays,
Expanding its gossamer wing, to fly
Where enemies lurk that teach it to die.

Health takes us at eventide to the cool shade,
To con over the wonders that God hath made,
To gaze on the stars with admiring eye,
Tempting the wish we could soar so high.
This blessing gives power to the studious mind
In beauties of nature rich treasures to find;
And the search imparts to pure minds a glow
Of love to the being who taught them to grow.

This blessing our heavenly Father ordains
To extend itself over this world's wide plains,
Enriching each blessing that earth can give.
Oh would it could teach us to die or to live ;
But the purest young minds, in healthful hour,
Forget oft to praise the heavenly power
Who provides every good, and sustains dear life,
Who shields them in sorrow, oppression, or strife,
Until sickness shall rouse their souls from sleep,
And teach them, for sins of omission, to weep ;
Possessing rich joys, they heed not the power
Which can crush their life within the next hour.
They heed not the monitor's voice within,
But roam until sick, in pleasures of sin ;
Then feeling the contrast, though late, they find
That religion alone can give health to the mind ;
That in health's full bloom every heart should glow
With praise to the source from which all blessings flow.

The Violet.

The bonny sweet violet is a wee flower,
That emblazons the spring-clad glade ;
A delicate protest of Infinite power
In the hand by which it was made.

It bends its soft, velvet-like petals of blue
O'er a glossy triplet of gold,
That shrinks from the sun, though partaking its hue ;
In nature more timid than bold.

I love to gather this modest wee flower,
The timid Forget-me-not too,
When I roam the meads, in summer's gay hour.
Besplaued with daisies and dew.

Spontaneous springing from earth, they declare
That the hand of Providence feeds
Nature's simplest production—man's hand not there.
Then call them not summer's gay weeds,

But flowers that Jehovah calls forth, to proclaim
True nature more perfect than art.
Though man's interference enhances his fame,
Defects live where he takes a part.

Then view them as emblems, to teach us that He
 - Is jealous that bade them to rise,
 And permits not man's efforts, though noble, to be
 Like His whose hand spangled the skies.

Then weave a gay garland of bonny field flowers;
 Remember that Providence feeds
 The simplest adornment of hills, meads, or bowers.
 And call them not summer's gay weeds

To Solitude.

SWEET Solitude, to thee I sing;
All hail! thou art reflection's king.
The contemplative mind with thee
Through nature's hidden depths can see,

And in thy bosom busy folly
Can bury all its woes with thee,
As contemplation, melancholy
Thy soothing influence can kill
Mind's wayward fretfulness at will,

And change its tone to pleasure.
The theorist can wander far
With thee, to light him as a star,

Illumining each treasure
Contained within the puzzling space
His fertile brain desires to trace.
Expound, describe, and measure.

Sweet Solitude, thy lonely shade
For tender, pensive minds was made.
The thoughtful mind within thy seat
Can o'er its by-gone joys repeat.

When shrinking from its worldly woes
 In thy lone shade it seeks repose,
 O'er all its wounds a veil to fling,
 Extracting venom from the sting
 By pouring on a healing balm,
 Which all its agony can calm ;
 And, while it gently sinks to rest,
 No longer with the smart oppressed,
 Its heart's emotions there reveals,
 And to thee, Solitude, appeals
 For the sweet, soothing influence
 Of thy bland calm, to quell the sense
 Of this world's rude, oppressive wrongs.

O Solitude, to thee belongs
 The power which makes the feeling mind
 Within thy world rich treasures find.
 Within thy softened, tender gloom
 Mind's purest sentiments can bloom.
 The heart that shuns this world's vain strife
 With thee may lead a heavenly life,
 Plan schemes to render mankind blessed,
 And wrench the chain from the oppressed ;
 Con, in imagination's field,
 The triumphs future years may yield ;
 To render still more glorious far
 The years to come than those which are :
 Proud England's fame far to expand
 Beyond the fame of any land.

The men who seek thy mild retreat
 Are those who rest on honour's seat,
 Debating o'er the woe or weal
 To which the law affixes seal;
 Determined then, or right, or wrong,
 To fasten it upon the throng;
 Yet ever ready to repeal,
 If found, in practice, not to heal.
 Say, doth not England stand alone
 In making each man's weal its own?
 Where any other monarch seen,
 Revered, beloved, like England's Queen?
 O Solitude, thy charms are many;
 Within thy zone live all, or any,
 Charm that clings to human nature,
 Middle, less, or large in stature.

The statesman, sage, or nobleman
 Within thy shade can better plan
 Ambitious, aggrandising schemes,
 With which his life too often teems;
 The loftiest minds which God hath made
 Expand the most beneath thy shade,
 And every human heart or feeling,
 Or prone to love, or law, or healing,
 Takes root with thee, with thee is framed,
 With thee is lauded or defamed,
 Within thy shade perfection gains,
 Or, lost in thee, it there remains.

The poet lives with thee in verse,
 Fraught with the charms his pen rehearse,
 And wanders o'er etherial space,
 Aided by thee new worlds to trace,
 In realms where mortals never trod,
 Except they were inspired by God.
 When there, he revels: who can tell
 Within his mind the wondrous spell
 That teaches him a charm to give
 To meanest things that therein live;
 To clothe them with a brighter hue,
 The likeness flattering and true,
 And leave a mark by which they may
 Convey a charm on future day.

Philosophers, and artists too,
 Thy soothing, tender twilight woo.
 The first, within thy shade can seek
 The knowledge that instructs the weak:
 Freed from intrusion, there can try
 Into earth's hidden depths to pry;
 Can cogitate within thy zone
 On things revealed and things unknown,
 Dissecting all the parts, that seem
 To hold within a hidden stream
 Of something, which, if brought to light,
 Would make man's intellect more bright;
 Or to its forward march give aid
 In metaphysics, art, or trade,

To forward science, morals, mind,
 And teach men nature's cause to find
 In an unerring hand that frames,
 And providence and God proclaims.

The artist loves to dwell with thee
 In thy retreat, unfettered, free,
 His mind resolved. Look, every tree,
 And every trace that you can see,
 That varied art and nature give,
 In landscape on his canvas live.
 He, fraught with genius' vast designs,
 The untiring pencil ne'er resigns
 Until a picture starts to life,
 With every touch of nature rife :
 And he who wrought it feels well paid
 That he a wonder-work hath made.

The artist and philosopher
 Thus toiling on, rewarded ill,
 Their brightest efforts oft confer
 A boon, and others' coffers fill ;
 Posterity the harvest reap,
 Their studious lives are sold too cheap.
 They toil for fame, although so high,
 Nor will desist until they die.
 Their merit not applauded, till
 The cold, dull, hollow grave they fill,

Shrouded in solitude alone.
 Then comes the monumental stone !
 Vain folly, of a noisy crowd,
 Who wait till death to speak aloud.

O Solitude, where but with thee
 Are men's full energies quite free ?
 Geologist, beneath thy shade,
 Cons o'er the wonders God hath made ;
 Aided by thee, his searching eye
 Succeeds in nature's world to pry ;
 Grasping at each new thing he spies,
 To ascertain its worth he tries.
 Free from intrusion, he can scan
 Long eras ere the world began.
 There unmolested doth he roam,
 And brings his fossil treasures home.
 Thus we receive from thy lone cell,
 More knowledge than one mind can tell,
 For every science, art, and toil
 Yields its best fruit in quiet soil.

This quiet soil, each charm prolongs,
 Sweet solitude, to thee belongs,
 And sweetens every tender feeling,
 The loving heart disdains concealing ;
 The lover finds a fitting seat
 Beneath thy veil, his fair to meet,

Where they may, dove-like, woo unseen,
 Protected by thy favouring screen,
 Themselves their world—with love they glow,
 Nor seek they other joys to know;
 Within their souls love brightly burns,
 A passion which all caution spurns;
 Nor would affliction, poured like rain,
 One spark of its wild fire restrain;
 Brightly it glows, and there will stand,
 In spite of all that friends have planned
 To tear them from each other's arms;
 They dream not of concealed alarms,
 But softly woo beneath thy veil,
 And tell to each a fond love tale,
 Make babies in each other's eyes,
 Nor reck of aught, in earth or skies,
 But fondly clinging to each other;
 Esteem nought else upon the earth;
 All thought, hope, feeling, try to smother,
 For any other being's worth;
 An undivided heart confess,
 And live but each to love and bless.

The lonely hermit dwells with thee,
 Anxious alone this world to flee,
 And while he shuns the paths of men,
 He yearns not for this world again;
 But bends the knee in prayer's accord,
 And loves to read God's holy word,

And seldom wanders from his home,
 But pilgrims to befriend who roam,
 To whom he offers rest and food,
 Full recompensed if he does good ;
 Or, while he learns their inward grief,
 Advises, soothes, or gives relief,
 And leads them to appeal above,
 Unto the God of truth and love ;
 For He hath said, ask, and receive,
 And 't is their duty to believe ;
 Believing truly, it will be
 To them, as unto him,—for he
 Enjoys the tranquil feelings given
 To all who rest their hopes on heaven,
 Regardless of the futile strife,
 Which everywhere embitters life.

Ah, Solitude, within thy shade
 The heart's best attributes were made ;
 And honest hearts are prone to feel
 A charm with thee, their hearts to heal,
 When poisoned with the venom'd sting,
 The proud, unfeeling, worthless bring.
 Not so the guilty unbeliever,
 The fool, the villain, and deceiver.
 Has solitude for them a charm ?
 Ah no, they quit it with alarm ;
 Nor dare to loiter 'neath thy veil,
 For conscience bids them to bewail

The folly, sinfulness, and guile,
 Which doth their characters defile.
 What though the hardy villain tries
 To appear as though he did despise
 Each moral precept, which is given
 By those who seek the path to heaven ;
 He cannot quell the sense within,
 That bids him tremble for past sin ;
 Reckless he looks, yet conscience bleeds,
 Dare he review his past misdeeds ?

No, when the day yields place to night,
 Rude phantoms flit before his sight ;
 He starts, and in the crowd would shun.
 Reminiscence of deeds ill done ;
 But vain the effort, conscience still
 Pursues him everywhere, and will.
 He seeks in vain the crowded hall,
 The street, pavilion, or ball.
 The multitudes o'er earth that swim
 Are startling solitude to him ;
 Commune with thee, sweet Solitude !
 He dares not on thy path intrude.
 None but the virtuous can tell
 How sweet it is with thee to dwell ;
 None but the good can ever prize,
 The pleasures which from thee arise ;
 Pure, tranquil, unalloyed, and chaste,
 Such as the good alone can taste :

And none but such will ever be,
Sweet solitude, a friend to thee.

The Mother to her Dying Child.

Sleepst thou, my child? that placid smile
Bespeaks a spirit free from guile;
A heart at ease,
Prepared and glad to wander far,
To dwell above, near yon bright star,
When God shall please.

Sleep, sweetest, sleep; on that loved face
The livid hue of Death I trace,
Ready to dart
His fatal lance before mine eyes,
Oh! fearfully to agonise
Thy mother's heart.

Thou sweetest gift, descending from
A holy land, to cheer mine home;
And wilt thou leave

But, ah! the glitter now is gone,
 And heaven decrees that I alone
 Shall see thee die.

Mount, mount, my spirit, with my child:
 I see it rise, in rapture wild,
 To heaven above.
 It beckons me, while off it flies,
 To soar to Him beyond the skies,
 The God of love.

But, oh! the dross that binds me here
 Has not the power to disappear
 Till God command—
 All impotent my will to do,
 Till higher warrant summon to
 That better land.

A Fragment.

IMPROMPTU,

On seeing a little bird hopping about on my window sill. Written during sickness.

A bird has just hopped on my window sill ;
It flutters, and pecks with its sweet pretty bill ;
It reminds me that I may soon fly ;
It seems to beckon me far away
To heavenly regions, where I may
With the angels adore God on high.

It hops, it pecks, and it flutters so gay,
I verily think the sweet thing would say,
“ Come where you ’ll be happy as I.”
Had it power of speech, I think it would give
Me advice no longer in town to live ;
It would lend me its wings to fly.

It looks so sweet, with its visage so bright,
I am sure it would aid me in my flight.
Were its power as great as its will.
Were wings denied me, to soar on high,
I verily think the sweet thing would try
To bear me away on its bill.

An Excursion

To the Glenmoy Cataract and several other points of attraction to Strangers who visit the Isle of Man; concluding with a Poem on the Castle Mona Hotel and the Sea

THE dawn had long since stolen forth, and morn spread out her blue upon the earth, expanding into fuller azure, mingled with mellow white and fleecy clouds, which, as the morning was remarkably calm, continued at a later hour to float above us like softest down on some bright angel's wing expanding for the breeze to ruffle; they broke, but yet relieved, the sky's clear blue. The heavens looked so inviting, that myself, and a major in the army and his lady, were tempted to indulge ourselves with a drive to some of the most popular points of attraction in the Isle of Man.

Mounted on an open car, that we might have a good view of the scenes around, we decided first to visit the Kirk Onchan nursery grounds, and the ancient Kirk Braddan. Passing onward to them, scenes of varied beauty met our eye. The landscape, clothed in its richest dress, was hilly, picturesque, and well diversified. The meadows were filled with rich ripe grain, which bent in courtesy to the passing breeze, and shook its mellow, brown, bright beard in the lustrous

rays of the glorious sun, which, as time stole on, shone out most brilliantly, proclaiming it the crest of God upon his azure shield, lit with the fire from his own eye, whose lustrous rays I love to think the very centre of the crest upon the clear blue shield, the heavens, basking beneath its rays with fonder feelings to my God, than when the atmosphere is chilly.

The crops of grain were most luxuriantly plentiful, speaking volumes of God's mercy, that showers down plenty on his creatures, inviting them to use well, but not abuse, his gifts.

The bright green meadow grass, the varied grain, and riper foliage tipped with many hues of brown and yellow fringe, shone brilliantly, and looked as smiling as the rosy, dazzling dreams of childhood, glittering like diamond dew on everlasting flowers, as they suppose, unwitting of their evanescent spirit and the fleetingness of all earth's treasures. All that we saw was beautiful; the season and the weather made it so; and much of admiration of the scenes around, and of their Creator, was called forth from all the party viewing them.

Our first visit was paid to the Kirk Onchan nursery grounds, one of the gems of the Island, attractive both for the manner in which they are laid out, and the commanding position that they hold. Here, I think, we saw every beautiful flower that can be found in Flora's kingdom, or, at least, that can flourish in Great Britain, whether native or exotic. The greenhouses

are beautifully arranged, and well supplied ; and the elevation in the centre of the grounds commands many fine prospects, which, on a clear fine day, are very expansive.

Leaving the Kirk Onchan pleasure grounds, we proceeded to Kirk Braddan, a very ancient church, only a short distance from Douglas. There is little that is attractive in the architecture of the church, except its singular steeple. The greatest attraction lies in the church-yard, where we saw several Druidical stones, of a very singular appearance ; one of them is a perfectly black, hard, upright slab, carved on all sides with the most singular and grotesque devices, yet very beautiful in their exactitude and variety. These stones are generally called Teutonic. There is, likewise, an ancient sacrificial font or trough, of the ancient Druids, an oblong square in shape, very deep, and distinctly bearing the marks of antiquity. The interior of the church is decorated only with a simple coat of white-wash ; the most remarkable thing in the interior is the baptismal font, a small stone basin, screwed on to the rail that encircles the communion. The church upon the whole is ancient, simple, and plain.

After amusing ourselves with reading some of the aged tomb-stones, we proceeded to the celebrated Tynwald mound, where from before, some say, and since, the days of good King Orry, the Manx laws have always been formed and ratified. This mound is a most singular production of nature ; some people say

that nature did the whole, but I think that the legend attached to it shews that man assisted, or it could not, as we are told, be formed of the soil of every parish in the little kingdom of Man.

Its external appearance is that of a circular piece of ground, elevated in the centre, the circumference of the base being 240 feet, and of the top only 24; it is formed into steps or seats, each decreasing in circumference as it ascends to the top; the surface of each step is clothed with a short mossy grass which does not extend to the sides.

There are two flights of steps which run up to the pinnacle, on which a tent is erected, when the laws are delivered. This tent is for the accommodation of the Governor, Bishop, Clergy, Deemsters, and Coroners, who proceed to the top in procession, and having assembled the House of Keys, and certain officials from each parish, the new laws are first read in English by the Deemsters, and then in the Manx language by the Coroners.

The legend says that this mound was originally level and circular, but that every official in olden times, being determined to propose and ratify the laws on his own soil, adopted the expedient of carrying a portion of it in his boots, when he attended the call of the law, thus standing on it in reality; and when he left the spot, having no further occasion for it, he emptied his boots there, and thus the mound grew into what it is. And Dame Nature, perchance, admiring the proud and party spirit of the

Manx, has, it is said, formed it into sections, in order that the lowly may stand low, and the more lofty enjoy a more elevated position, at the top of this little ambitious mountain, which really is a wonderful performance, whether it be a freak of nature or the work of man.

Having examined it, we took the shortest way to the Glenmoy Cataract, which holds its position in a hollow at the bottom of a winding glen, and streams from an elevated rock above. The water, which is sometimes very muddy, from its connexion with the neighbouring lead works, pours down in one pillar-like torrent, and bubbles among rocks of various shapes and dimensions, that are bedded in the valley below. On this day, as the lead works were at rest, the water was very clear, and, contrasted with the dark rocks and green foliage around, looked beautiful.

The descent to the hollow is rather dangerous; and the few attractions of the place hardly compensate for the labour of descending. In our ride from the waterfall, we passed through many pretty rural scenes, in one of which we saw a church, which had a very singular appearance, from being whitewashed all over the roof; and every part was white, but the wood-work, that, was black; and, on the wall that stood nearest the highway, was painted, in large black letters, "Friend, why comest thou in hither, having not on a wedding garment?" We returned by a different route, through charming scenes, diversified with hill and dale, wood and water, and rendered still more pleasing by the lively anecdotes and

agreeable conversation of my enlightened and agreeable companions.

On arriving opposite the Castle Mona hotel, I alighted, to take a stroll in the grounds, leaving my friends to return home without me. These grounds afford a charming view of Douglas Bay, and the wild, rich scenery of the opposite shore. After wandering over the flower-garden, which is very neatly laid out, I ascended an elevated mound, which, on one side, commanded a full view of the Castle Mona, once the residence of the Atholl family, but now an hotel; and, on the other side, a fine view of the bay and sea, and all the vessels that come into the harbour, or approach it in any direction. Seated there, I wrote, in a small pocket-book, the sentiments which the scene inspired, forming themselves into verse; and I implore the pardon of my readers for inserting them here, if they be such as should seem only interesting to the authoress.

CASTLE MONA AND THE SEA.

Castle Mona, thy mansion seems spacious and grand,
 But what is thy grandeur compared with yon sea?
 As I gaze on the pigmies that traverse its strand,
 I think upon those who lie hidden from thee.

More spacious their dwelling, more wonders abounding,
 Than any contained in thy chambers of taste ;
 More mellow the notes from its dark waves resounding,
 Than instruments e'er in thy orchestre placed.

Pomp and pride should look down on the monstrous deep,
 That has swallowed so many proud things of this world,
 And think upon those who lie buried in sleep,
 While to capture more millions its sails are unfurled.

May they not be fated, as part of the spoil,
 The mighty hand gives to this scourge of our kind ;
 And the riches they all treasure up with such toil,
 Within its deep bosom a resting place find.

For ever translated to regions, where they
 Would willingly leave them, if they could return ;
 His mandate, when issued, we all must obey,
 Nor expect to escape from the traveller's last bourne.

How few e'er rejoice to escape from the snares
 Which fasten upon us, in this scene of woe ;
 Such gaud as the castle contains oft eunsnares
 The heart that would otherwise better things know.

Yet I feel not one wish to mingle with those
 Whom pride, and oft folly, entrammel and snare ;

Should riches return, I would rather dispose
Of myself, and my blessings, 'mong sons of despair,

Than revel in comforts, unheedful of those
Who possess not the treasures which render the heart,
While succouring others, the seat of repose,
And a happy partaker of all they impart.

SECTION II.

HOURS OF DEVOTION.

The Prophetic Dream.

HAVING invited a party of my young friends to spend the evening with me, they, agreeably to appointment, arrived, but after tea, while cogitating with them, and deciding which would be the most agreeable mode of spending our evening, I became so suddenly and unaccountably depressed, that I could not, as usual, rouse up my spirits to contribute in any way to their amusement. I knew not why, or from whence, this depression came; a languor insensibly crept over my frame, very slowly, but surely, until at last it became so perceptible to my young friends, who never before had seen me so depressed, that they tried every art to soothe me into my accustomed cheerfulness. Two or three played my favourite songs and duets, and they all tried something to amuse me,

but in vain. They offered to retire, and come another evening; this I resisted for awhile, but became at last so faint and languid, that I was compelled to request it, yet at the same time told them, with truth, that I knew of nothing to depress me.

One of the ladies could not help exclaiming, "Oh dear, I hope you are not going to have another illness." I hoped so too. I went to bed immediately after they left me, and there I soon fell into a profound sleep, and dreamed the following singular dream, which pictured forth prophetically the events which followed.

I thought that I wandered to the house of two young ladies of my acquaintance, and told them that I purposed spending the evening with them for once in my life, coming without an invitation, as I thought I might never have the opportunity of doing so again. They, according to their usual custom, prepared a sofa and pillows for me to recline upon, because of my lameness and weak spine. While I lay there in conversation with them, I thought that I suddenly exhibited such indications of becoming seriously indisposed that they became alarmed, and the eldest sister could not help wishing I was safe at home; the younger said, in a whisper, Hush, sister, Miss C. will think you wish her to go; on which I said, Don't be alarmed, I shall not be any worse to night, I will stay a little longer, for this is the last time that I shall be able to visit you.

I see your album, said I to the younger sister, let me

have it nearer, with pen and ink, and I will write my last lines in it.

Accordingly she handed all that I required, and I opened it just where I had one day inserted a small pencil drawing of Roslin Castle. I thought that I wrote on this page the following verses, and in my sleep I distinctly saw them, two above the drawing, and two below it.

I know not why, yet I do feel
 As though my hand would ne'er again
 In measured lines my thoughts reveal,
 Or raise e'er more the lyrie pen.

Should it so prove, forbear to sigh,
 Yet treasure this momento of
 One who nor fears nor craves to die,
 But quits the world in peace and love.

Though God in wonders doth abound,
 And ean arrest the tyrant's stroke;
 A martyr's prospects me surround,
 And I resign me to the yoke.

Convulsions may my body rend,
 But God can yet prolong my days;
 From the grave's brink his hand extend,
 To lift me up to love and praise.

Immediately after writing this, I thought that I became worse, and, to silence their alarm, prepared to go home; but supposing that I made an effort to enter the carriage that was to convey me, I started up in bed, and this awoke me to a consciousness that it was but a dream. I immediately lit my candle, and wrote out the verses, lest I should forget them; and I now present them to the reader as I dreamt them, without one word of alteration. The following day I felt a little better of my languor and depression, and receiving in the morning an invitation from the two ladies above-mentioned, I went to take tea with them; it was my last visit there, for they left the town before I recovered my strength from a very severe illness, which commenced in a few days after my dream—an illness which lasted many months, and in which the consulting physician for several days calculated so certainly on my death, that he every morning called on one of the surgeons in attendance, who lived near me, to say, Shall I go forward—is she still alive? and one and all esteemed my revival a miracle! But it pleased God to raise me up from the brink of the grave, I sincerely hope, as the last line of my poetic and prophetic dream concludes, to love and praise him.

Prayer for Preservation from Madness.

Written when an Inflammation of the Spinal Sheath approached
the Brain.

Thou, God, uphold my feeble mind,
That I may never swerve
From thy just laws, but mayst thou find
Me willing thee to serve.

The reason thou didst give to me,
Oh never let it stray ;
Lest then, a traitor unto thee,
I wander from thy way.

I would pursue a peaceful course,
Freed from the toils of sin,
And ask of thee, all-goodness' source,
A soul thy grace to win.

But if deprived of reason's guide,
By thee fixed in my mind,
How shall I stem sin's fearful tide,
Born sinful, weak, and blind ?

If thou sustainst my mental strength,
Nought can its powers o'erthrow ;
Fixed by thy hand, not e'en this length
Of sickness, pain, and woe.

Robbed of its force, oh how could I
With fervour seek thy throne ;
Oh let me not in madness die,
Lest then to me unknown

The peaceful exit from this life,
Which e'en on death can smile ;
Oh let me quit this scene of strife,
From madness free, and guile.

I hope from thee, with this blessed boon,
Pardon for trespassed laws ;
Then ta'en from hence, or late or soon,
'To Jesus leave my cause.

An Address to the Deity.

Written in Fever.

Oh, say, why doth not sweet repose
In peaceful sleep mine eyelids close ?
Ah, say, why doth high fever keep
My wearied eyes and soul from sleep ?

Say I 've no sorrow on my mind,
Preventing me repose to find ;
Though born in sin, and to sin prone,
Rank wickedness I ne'er have known.

Oh, say, shall I not be forgiven ;
Will faith not take me up to heaven :
Should the disease in which I lie
Pervade my frame, to make me die.

Say, wilt thou not, oh God, receive
The flitting soul which doth believe ?
Wilt thou, for Jesus bled for me,
Give ear unto my Saviour's plea ?

Say, hath he not, to people heaven,
 Alike for all a ransom given ?
 The foulest sinner, cleansed by grace,
 Thy word declares shall see thy face.

Firm faith in him who died to save,
 Shall smooth our passage to the grave,
 And gently wane our taper's light
 Extinguished on dull death's dark night.

But what a flame of light shall rise,
 When we ascend above the skies,
 And there behold the brilliant blaze,
 Too dazzling for a mortal's gaze,

Until accustomed to the sight
 Of thine and Jesus' heavenly light,
 And, gaining strength through endless day,
 To thee and him full tribute pay.

Oh then to thee be all our praise,
 For prospect of those brighter days ;
 And may each earth-born spirit try,
 By faith in him, to soar on high ;

There, bending at the throne of grace,
 Behold the smile upon thy face,
 Nor shrink from its effulgent beam,
 Ripening the soul with its warm gleam.

Prayer,

Before deciding on an Operation that the Doctors said would either
Kill or Cure.

Thou, God, direct me in the way to go,
And let me not provoke my fate too soon ;
Ah God, thy just decree teach me to know,
If meet for me, oh grant me now this boon,

That I decide ere long to take the part,
Which shall fulfil all thou decreest for me ;
If doomed to die, do thou renew my heart,
That I may heaven and my Redeemer see.

Ah give to me, oh Lord, the grace that will
Insure to me a resting place above ;
Teach me to choose the right, and shun the ill,
Make me partaker of our Saviour's love.

Forgive the bold desire that dares to plead,
For which I 've nought that can ordain it mine ;
Yet Jesus did for helpless sinners bleed,
This gives me hope that I may yet be thine.

Oh could I wish to live, were I but sure
To gain a rest within thy blessed realms ;
Yet what thou wilt, oh teach me to endure,
With meekness, though the pang my frame o'erwhelms.

But if it be thy will that I revive,
Oh grant me grace the better part to do ;
May my heart's feelings ever make me strive
To act with innocent and upright view.

And may each laudable intent proceed
From influence of thy redeeming grace ;
Teach me thy precepts so to learn, mark, read,
That I hereafter may behold thy face.

Lincs,

Written after restoration from this new and severe illness.

Great God, how wonderful are all thy deeds !
Like lightning to this world thy mandate speeds :
Swiftly I sank, enfeebled by thy band,
Now, quickly raised by thee, once more I stand.
So short the space since life was nearly gone,
Do I yet live, and must I still live on ?
Still must I linger in this world of woe,
Although my soul would joyfully forego
Each blessing that on earth invites my stay.
Heaven is my hope, then let me haste away
To regions where thy glories never fade—
There for my sorrows all to be repaid.
Stretch out thy hand, good Lord, and bid me come
Unto thine everlasting happy home ;
For all I hear, and see, and feel, and know
Invokes my soul to quit this scene below.
But let me pause, nor madly ask of thee
That which, perchance, would be least fit for me ;
I would not dare to dictate to thy will,
Or murmur that thou bidst me linger still ;

Preserve sweet life, while yet to me unknown,
If thou wilt now receive me for thine own.
Oh let me bless thee for the good I have,
And view thy chastening as the hand of love,
Resign myself unto thy just decree,
And bow to that which brings me near to thee.
If 't is thy will that I still suffer pain,
And shall not yet the use of limbs regain,
Nerve me with patience to endure the smart,
And give to me a pure and humble heart,
With deep contrition for each frail-born sin,
Thy grace impart, a purer soul to win,
Give firmness to endure what God ordains.
Unmixed with vain desires for this world's gains.
Invigorated by his own hand's power,
And thankful for the blessings of this hour,
As token of his love I hail the dart,
And bear with meekness all the painful smart
Inflicted by his constant-loving hand,
To bid me ready make to join his band.
In resignation to Thy high behest,
Let me prepare to take my seat;
For well I know that all from Thee is best,
And trust Thy heavenly smile at length to meet.

Prayer,

WHEN IMPATIENT UNDER CONTINUED SICKNESS.

Oh, God, forgive the murmuring sigh
That still pervades my heart ;
Sorrowing still, in vain I try
Humbly to hail the smart

Of pain inflicted by thy hand.
I'd love it, if I could
Resign myself to thy command,
And check the briny flood

That flows, unbid by thee or me,
Wrung from my anguished soul ;
In sighs and tears I plead to thee
To heal and make me whole,

And pardon ask, that I should dare
To dictate to thy will ;
That this world's hopes my mind ensnare,
And make me frailer still

Than when, bereaved of power, I lay
 Pained, oppressed, and heaving sigh,
 From morn till night, from night till day,
 Waiting thy command to die.

Shall I continue Lame,

OR MAKE ONE EFFORT MORE TO REGAIN MY POWER?

Written while reflecting whether Galvanism should be resorted to, with the insertion of the Needles, to restore sensation. This operation, by frequent repetition, did much towards my restoration.

Teach me, O God, to choose aright
 The path designed for me.
 If I must still feel pain, despite
 Each warm appeal to thee ;

If 't is decreed by thee that I
 Shall still continue lame ;
 Forgive, O Lord, the latent sigh,
 Nor thou the effort blame,

By human means to quell the smart
 Inflicted by thy hand,
 Endow me, Lord, with humble heart,
 Whether I fall or stand.

Unfettered by the galling sense
 Of long diminished power,
 Relieve, O Lord, the keen suspense
 Sustained within this hour.

Be it thy will this trial now
 End in augmented pain,
 Humbly to thy behest I bow,
 Nor longer dare complain,

But trust thy mercy for full aid
 To those employed by me,
 Nor wish thy judgment to evade.
 But bend to, thy decree.

O let it be of mild event,
 Unmixed with undue pain ;
 And may thy holy hand be lent,
 My spirit to sustain,

While tortured with external arts,
 Administered with skill
 Which to the trembling frame imparts
 A pang, to cure or kill.

And, if the last thou shalt ordain,
 Receive one prone to sin,
 Yet ever ready to maintain
 Pure faith, and walk therein.

A Prayer.

PARDON, great God, each sinful deed
 I may have done this day ;
 Teach me to feel the utmost need
 To render thanks, and pray.

To praise thee for thy mercy shewn,
 For friends with which I 'm blessed ;
 To me, oh God, thy will make known,
 I bend to thy behest.

And ever may I deem thy will
 The wisest and the best ;
 Preserve my soul by day from ill,
 By night o'erlook my rest.

Teach me to live in such a way,
 That I may ever feel
 Prepared to meet the fearful day,
 Which will our doom reveal,

And cast us off to darkness all,
 Or everlasting light :
 To rise to heaven, or downward fall
 To everlasting night.

Teach me, whene'er I cast mine eyes
 Upon thy wondrous deeds,
 Whene'er I raise them to the skies,
 And dare to tell my needs,

To look above, confiding in
 Thy love and mercy too ;
 A saviour, to redeem from sin
 The faithful, humble, true.

Teach me, oh God, true faith to win,
 And may I ever feel
 A thirst of pardon for my sin ;
 Oh list to my appeal.

Listen, I pray, unto the voice
 Of one prostrate with pain ;
 Yet who would ever make thy choice
 The first, the last, the main,

The ruling passion of the heart ;
Be done, oh God, thy will.
Teach me with joy to take the part
Which thy decrees fulfil.

And when those pangs my body rend,
Which draw me near the grave,
When they entomb me in the end,
Forgive, receive, and save.

Another Prayer.

OH God, I feel as though my life would fast recede ;
Is it indeed thy will that I soon die ?
Yet weaken thou the pains, which now exceed
My power to bear unmurmuring ; I try

To crush the weak desires which bind my soul down here,
My efforts much too frequent prove in vain,
For brothers, relatives, and friends are all too dear,
A victory o'er regret I cannot gain.

Yet evermore I strive to bend to thy decree,
My brothers, friends, and all, I would forget ;
Recall my soul, oh Lord, when it seems best to thee,
Teach me to leave them all without regret.

Teach me to rise to realms where never ending bliss
Shall compensate for sorrows felt below,
Oh let me find a rest in heaven from pain ; for this
Parent, dear friends, and all I can forego.

Can aught that this world offers make me still desire
 To dwell in it, oppressed with pain and woe?
 Can aught reluctant make me to join in the choir,
 With those whom God and our Redeemer know?

Can aught this world contains give ease to thirsty soul?
 Can it for sinners make salvation sure?
 Repentance, and to God not half the heart, the whole,
 And faith unwavering can alone secure.

To sinners, the redemption for which Jesus died,
 Unclothed, and crowned with thorns, for them he bled;
 For them he suffered, when, nailed to the cross and tied,
 His side was pierced before his life had fled.

Shall I then dare to murmur at the pain I feel,
 When Jesus could for me such suffering bear?
 Shall I for diminution of that pain appeal,
 Which may, by grace, assist me to prepare?

For regions where I may with God and Jesus dwell,
 Feasting each day on everlasting joy?
 Teach me, oh God, all worldly wishes to repel,
 Oh let not its allurements me decoy

From better prospect of a blessed abode above,
 Where I shall know no pain, but sing in praise
 To God, and Jesus, who resigned his life for love
 Of sinners, whom he would to highest heaven raise.

Then may all ransomed sinners from the trump not shrink,
Which shall proclaim to us the judgment day ;
Teach me the waters of salvation how to drink,
And when I smite upon the breast, and say,

Oh God have mercy on my sinful soul, and give
Me grace, by which I may be cleaner made ;
Renew my soul, oh God, and teach me so to live,
As ne'er to wish thy judgments to evade.

But meek resign myself unto thine own just will,
And firmly say, Oh God, thy kingdom come,
Be ever ready thy commandments to fulfil,
And patient wait thy time to take me home.

H y m n .

FORGIVE, O Lord, that I should sigh,
Or murmur that I still feel pain.
Were we not born to feel, to die?
Yet we must all be born again.

A spirit which is born anew,
O God, I would present to thee ;
Teach me my frailties to subdue,
Not death, but sin, I wish to flee.

And may my Saviour's cleansing love
Preserve and purify my soul,
That I, when called to wing above,
May stand regenerate and whole.

Give me, O Lord, the power to rend
The cord which binds my soul to clay ;
And teach my spirit to ascend
To regions of eternal day.

The sting of death I cannot fear,
The shaft is rendered pointless now ;
Jesus, that Son to God so dear,
Died on the cross to teach us how

To render up the life God gave,
Nor murmur that it is decreed
That all shall pass into the grave,
When the imprisoned soul is freed.

Prayer and Praise.

GIVE ear, O God, unto my words;
My God and King, to thee I pray;
Thy holy word to me affords
That which turns darkness into day

My voice ascends to thee at morn,
When, looking up to thee, I pray,
That righteous feelings may adorn
My works throughout the day.

For wicked deeds delight thee none,
Oh let me then with fervour shun
The deeds by which thy wrath is won,
By which my soul would be undone.

O Lord, in thee I put my trust,
Preserve my soul from Satan's wiles;
And, when recalled to native dust,
Breathe on my transit with thy smiles.

Oh listen thou unto the voice
Of one afflicted by thy hand ;
Be death or life for me thy choice,
I murmur not at thy command.

Though body's pangs may draw forth groans,
My mind remains still unsubdued ;
But yet my spirit oft bemoans
The sin with which my soul 's imbued.

But thou canst wash me white as snow ;
Oh cleanse my heart from every stain :
My immortal spirit craves to go
To realms where God and Jesus reign.

Then give me, Lord, the faith which will
Ensure me an abode therein ;
Breathe on my soul, in it instil
Meet holiness this rank to win.

For Jesus suffered pain and woes,
The ransom which he gave for man ;
And Jesus' blood will cleanse all those
Who quit in faith this mortal span.

Oh then confirm that faith in me,
And let not Satan's lures obtain
The power to make me flee from thee ;
Grant that my soul the victory gain.

A Morning Prayer.

O GOD, I bless thee for morn's light,
For rest thou gavest in the night,
Yet grant me, Lord, thy grace ;
Make me to walk in virtue's way,
And worship thee throughout the day ;
Thou wilt not hide thy face

From one who dares look up to thee,
And pray that she may one day see
The light around thy throne.
O teach my soul the way to rise,
When freed from body, to the skies ;
To me that path make known

Yet be it thy blessed will to keep
Me here, so long as soul shall sleep
In darkness, unrenewed
By bright regenerating force,
Which shall arrest the sinful course,
Far, far too long pursued.

And when that soul's renewing grace
 Within my heart hath taken place,
 Then take me up above,
 Lest, dwelling in temptation's seat,
 I may be lured to make retreat
 From thine and Jesus' love.

The Christian's Prayer and Praise.

O God, I give thee praise, for Thou
 Art good, and wise, and great ;
 I humbly at thy footstool bow,
 And thy behest await.

Thy mercy makes mankind thy care,
 On thee my soul relies ;
 When troubled, unto thee in prayer
 My heart breathes forth its cries.

At morn, at e'en, through every hour,
 I sigh to see thy face ;
 And well I know that none have power
 But thou, to give the grace,

Which can renew the froward soul,
 And help that soul to rise,
 When made regenerate and whole,
 To dwell beyond the skies.

Though death's terrific form should steal
 Into my presence now,
 I could unmurmuring, I feel.
 Unto thy mandate bow.

For I rely alone on One,
 Who died to save us all ;
 Merit of mine, oh God, there 's none,
 By him I stand or fall.

How greatly I, 'mong sinners, need
 His interceding power ;
 Pardon, oh Lord, each past misdeed,
 And new one of each hour.

Teach me to look beyond the grave,
 Nor sigh to quit this scene ;
 My Saviour's blood can cleanse and save,
 Though I have sinful been.

Let vain regrets for anxious friends
 Disperse before thy call ;
 And may thy mercy, which transcends
 Thy goodness, save us all.

Thanksgiving,

FOR RESTORATION FROM THE SEVEREST ILLNESS OF
MY LIFE.

Restored again to worldly strife,
Thou God omnipotent, divine ;
Must I yet breathe the breath of life,
Lately a special care of thine.

Bereaved of sense, and power to move,
Yet did Thy holy hand upraise
My languid frame, oh let me prove
My sense of gratitude by praise.

Though grateful I do feel to man,
For tender care and skilful aid,
No mortal ever did, or can,
Teach dying sinner to evade

Thy upraised hand, when once decreed
That he shall suffer pain, or die ;
I humbly at thy footstool plead
For pardon for my murmuring sigh.

When, tortured with o'erwhelming pain,
A stubborn spirit rose within ;
Teach me through Jesus to retain
My sense of penitence for sin.

I give thee praise for lengthened life,
Resign myself unto thy will ;
But when I quit this scene of strife,
A station near thee let me fill.

Stretch out thy hand, and deign to raise
A pleading sinner near thy throne,
Where I may sing, in endless praise,
Thanksgiving for thy mercy shewn !

New Version of the Hundredth Psalm.

Oh joyfully sing to the Lord, all ye lands,
For ever be glad in his praise ;
Know ye he is God, we were made by his hands,
Gladly serve him, and walk in his ways.

Oh enter his gates with thanksgiving, his fame
And mercy for ever endure ;
Be thankful unto him, and worship his name,
We are the sheep of his pasture.

We made not ourselves, but his people are we,
His sheep in fold he secureth ;
And his mercy and truth for ever know ye,
All generations, endureth.

Psalm xix.

Oh God, thy glory is declared above,
The firmament proclaims to us thy power,
Thy handiwork ; and to mankind thy love,
Therein is visible through every hour.

In every clime and language do we hear
Their voice ; their line throughout the world doth run ;
That thou hast set, doth every where appear,
In them a tabernacle for the sun,

Which like a bridegroom coming forth doth shine,
Rejoicing as he doth his circuit run ;
Forth going out of heaven's end, his line
Extends throughout, and at heaven's end is done.

Thy law is perfect, and converts the soul,
Thy testimony makes the simple wise ;
Thy judgments, Lord, are righteous in the whole,
Thy pure command enlighteneth the eyes.

Thy statutes, ever right, rejoice the heart,
Thy cleansing fear for ever doth endure ;
Teach me to cast my secret faults apart,
And make me upright, innocent, and pure.

Thy judgments, more to be desired than gold,
Are sweeter far than is the honeycomb,
In keeping them is great reward, we are told,
By them thy servant 's warned, let me not roam,

Oh Lord, by word or deed, from thee; but may
The meditations of my heart e'er be
Acceptable always, both night and day,
Through Jesus, my Redeemer, unto thee.

Excursion.

An Excursion to Peel; concluding with a Poem, written while reclining on the shore of the bay that washes the base of the Castle and tombs of my Ancestors.

DESIROUS of obtaining some sea-weeds, of which I was making a collection, and knowing that a number of beautiful specimens were to be found when the tide receded from the shore at Peel, I decided to go there for a few days, for the purpose of collecting them, and went during the period that a bazaar was held in the ruins of Peel Castle, for the purpose of inviting strangers who visit it, and purchase the fancy works, which were beautifully wrought, and did great credit to the taste and elegance of the Manx ladies, who liberally contributed them for the benefit of their public charities.

I set out alone, but meeting friends who travelled in the same coach, I was well escorted to the scene of action, and had an opportunity of visiting the ruined castle of my ancestors; to see it decorated with all that taste and art could hastily contrive to render it attractive and inviting to the numerous strangers who

were expected to support the interests of the bazaar, and amply did they realise every hope.

I felt desirous, as it were, of contemplating my own feelings, while walking over the tombs of my ancestors, surrounded by the gay, thoughtless, and giddy throng, who wandered there, unwitting of the fallen fortunes and buried bones of the once mighty possessors of the ground on which they trod, or the anguished groans of the illustrious captives who had lingered out their little span of life, to them bitterly prolonged to an appearance, of infinity, by the dreariness of solitude, captivity, and darkness even, while the glorious sun shone out, but not alas to illumine their abode.

With a pensive heart, but smiling face, I joined the giddy throng; examined the contents of the flower-wreathed tents; made purchases from the courteous and smiling goddesses that presided over the scene; accepted little presents from my accompanying friends; refreshed myself; and then, after listening to the deep tones of a solemn march, played by the band of musicians who were stationed on the site of the little cathedral that was formerly attached to the castle, I descended to the dungeon in which the Earl of Warwick was a captive, in the reign of Richard the Second, and to that of the still more unfortunate Duchess of Gloucester, who was compelled to forfeit the charms of life for the long period of fourteen years, confined within the space of nine feet square, or less. For what condemned to waste bloom, beauty, talents, every charm that woman's mind or per-

son can possess, unseen, unvalued, and alone in this small drear abode? For witchcraft. Can Briton's sons look back on such sad times, and not glory in the enlightenment of the present age, and not feel themselves preferred above all nations, and bend in thankfulness to the great disposer of all that serve him, and the controller of all powers, for having changed darkness into light, and withdrawn the fallen from the snares of sin. I passed from the dungeon to the sallyport, on which the noble captive was allowed to walk, twice a day, for a short time, not in mercy, but to prolong a life of misery; and there I wept over the iniquity and folly of those who could so abuse power, and forget the feelings of humanity to bury them in superstition.

It was upon this sallyport that the Countess of Derby was captured, after her lengthened and heroic defence of the castle. I ascended to the summit of the tower on which she stood to command her soldiers, and take a survey of the besiegers; and I felt much prouder of the glorious spirit, than the noble name of my ancestress, or any thing else that she possessed. Her captivity did not last long, for her ingenuity, and the fidelity of an old retainer of the family soon provided the means of escape. Perceiving a hole in one corner of the dungeon, she remembered that it led to a cave into which the bay flooded its waters; and forcing her body through, she plunged into the water, which fortunately was very shallow, and wading to the verge of the adjacent rocks, she attracted the attention of an old boatman belonging to

the castle, and he quickly came to her rescue, in which he fortunately succeeded.

I rejoined my party, who knew nothing of the feelings with which I viewed the scenes around me; and, evidently, from several remarks, regarded me as one of the most cheerful, happy, and prosperous beings if I were not lame, always put in: and truly I did spend a merry, cheerful evening among the society to which I was afterwards introduced.

We did not forget to chat a little with the singular Old Bombardier, as he was called, who guarded the ruins; he being anxious to know the opinions of all parties, on the scenes enacted there. It may not, perhaps, be deemed impertinent if I here introduce a little anecdote of him which amused me greatly on another occasion when I visited this castle in the company of an officer in the army and others.

This old Bombardier generally carries about with him, to present to strangers for perusal, a small book, in which is written a little history of the Moddy Dhu, or the Ghost of the Black Dog, of course he expects us to pay sixpence at least for the privilege of reading it. We, having read the history in the celebrated volumes of Peveril of the Peak, did not care to read it again, telling him we knew the whole from having perused these volumes. Ah, said he, that is not the true tale, Mr. Walter Scott wrote something about it in one of his books, but he knew little or nothing about the matter, and the little that he did know, he pilfered from Mr. Waverley.

He opened his little book, containing Sir Walter Scott's legend, copied verbatim from *Peveril of the Peak*, and we laughed heartily at his mistake.

The officer listened good humouredly to his descriptions of the subterranean passages, which he said not only extended underneath the castle, but all under every part of the Island, and afforded Oliver Cromwell the means, after the castle was surrendered to him, to send his troops all over the Island unseen; to be sure they had to crawl full length like snakes, in some parts of these natural tunnels, and nobody was any the wiser as to their route, until they made their appearance on the surface of that part of the Island in which they were ordered to quarter; he was not aware that he was talking to a commander of rank, and much experience in war-like service.

On the first day my sea weeds were little thought of, except while I purchased a little specimen gummed on to paper, on which was written two beautiful verses, that tempted me to the purchase. I believe they are the production of R. P. Geynestes' poetic genius. I insert them as a little gem for my readers, as I believe that they have never been published, and send them forth at the risk of eclipsing all my own efforts.

We are not weeds, we are flowers of the sea,
 For lovely, and bright, and gay tinted are we,
 And quite independent of sunshine or shower;
 Then call us not weeds, we are oceans gay flower

Not nursed like the flowers of a summer parterre,
 Whose gales are but sighs of an evening air ;
 Our exquisite, fragile, and delicate form,
 Are nursed by the ocean, and rocked by the storm.

On the following morning after visiting the Countesses cave, where I collected some beautiful specimens of Ocean's gay flowers. I strolled on to the shore, and after fatiguing myself with gathering all the curious tribes that were there, I sank down near the opening of a large cave on one of the piles of small pebbles, and lay there basking in the sun, which had made them dry and warm. The spot was retired, and free from all intruders but myself; it afforded a full view of the ruined castle, and renewed the previous day's reflections, causing me to vent my feelings in the following lines :

Oh ruin, unsightly, yet powerfully grand,
 The eyes that behold thee, have wept at thy shrine ;
 To view thy sunk grandeur all lonely I stand,
 Nor feel a regret that thy walls are not mine.

Descended from those who possessed princely power,
 And defended thy towers in battle array ;
 Unheeded, a stranger, I gaze in this hour,
 And traverse the strand of thy broad circling bay.

How fallen, how changed, are thy fortunes and mine,
 Yet an influence divine sustaineth my soul ;
 On my forefathers' tombs I can stand, nor repine
 That their towers and halls are beyond my control.

I fear not the world, nor of Satan the power ;
 Protection and comfort I seek from above ;
 Undaunted, I stand, on my ancestor's tower.
 Unaided by all, but the God of love.

Though proudly it rears its high head o'er the sea,
 And stands there erect, 'mid the wreck of old time ;
 Of the folly of grandeur, it speaks but to me,
 Yet, ah yet, in its ruin, its power is sublime.

The world and its visions recede from my eye,
 My heart and my mind disdaining a sigh ;
 Their castles not air-built, but fixed in the sky,
 My spirit sustained by the God that is nigh.

To his power I submit, not dare to repine,
 Yet sometimes his decrees unstring every nerve ;
 Though changes of fortune and crosses are mine,
 I shall have my reward from the God that I serve.

When this world is gone, and the next shall have come,
 What avail the splendours so treasured down here ;
 Translate me, oh God, to thy heavenly home,
 My spirit make meet to quit this low sphere.

'T is soaring above to a better abode,
 Yet this world's soft allurements impede my flight ;
 Fix Thy laws in my heart, they alone the code,
 That can guide my ascent and my spirit aright.

The Lucky Misfortune.

A narrative, in which the Swedish Minstrel holds a conspicuous place; concluding with an anecdote of the "Halifax Witch," as the celebrated Yorkshire Bone-setter is called.

DURING the period that the English were not quite turned crazy, but the Swedish Nightingale was nearly overthrowing their reason with the wild witchery of her notes, and the amazing power with which she flooded with the richest melody every concert-room in which she displayed her wonderful talents, I was frequently disappointed of the opportunity of hearing her, either by sickness, or distance from the town in which she performed, and won all hearts by her amazing endowments, and, more than all, by the profuse liberality with which she showered down blessings on the poor. I felt an uncontrollable desire to see and hear her, and at last my wish seemed on the eve of being gratified.

At the time that she engaged to sing in each of six towns in Yorkshire, I was residing in a small town in the vicinity of Wakefield. The prospectus for her evening in Wakefield proclaimed her intention of exhibiting her wonderful vocal powers in every variety of song that I had wished to hear her in. Now, thought I,

is the wished-for time arrived, I shall hear her to perfection, — Italian Bravura, Opera, Sacred Music, and Burlesque ; added to which, English, both in sacred and ballad, and her own enchanting Swedish Melodies. I felt that I could not resist the temptation of going to hear her, although an invalid, and afflicted with a lameness, or want of power to raise the left limb without assistance from another, hard pressure on my crutch, or a sling to elevate it from the ground ; which lameness, for the long period of seventeen years, had been, by numerous and eminent medical men, imputed to a nervous affection and inflammation of the sheath of the spinal cord, occasioned by concussion ; and in addition to this, doctors' bills had so impoverished me that the treat was too expensive for me.

However, I made arrangements to go, and, being a stranger to Wakefield and everybody in it, I obtained a letter of introduction to a lady, who would be likely to find me a comfortable lodging. I set out the day before the concert, arrived in safety, but too late for the lady's nephew to find a private lodging that would be ready before morning ; she therefore politely provided me a bed, and the next morning invited me to come and take tea with her and the ladies who had introduced me, and accompany the party going from her house to the Corn Exchange to hear Jenny Lind.

I, being alone and a stranger, gladly availed myself of their society, and went in the afternoon to join them. One lady and gentleman, to whom I was introduced at

the tea table, were going to the body of the room, for which I had a ticket; the others went to the gallery; consequently, I went with the acquaintance of an hour into the concert room, those whom I knew separating from us at the entrance.

Immediately on the opening of the door, all the people assembled made a rush to get good seats, my party with the others. I, not being able to go as fast as others, lost them in the crowd. The rush gone by, I got an excellent place; but, feeling the awkwardness of my position, if, at the conclusion of the concert, I had not any one to guide me to my lodgings or help me through the crowd, I determined to recover my party. A gentleman, perceiving my embarrassment, offered to assist me, and, after helping me on to one form, led me on from form to form till I reached the lost ones; but unfortunately, as he thought, he loosed my hand just as I approached them and put my foot on the last form, which was uneven. It gave way, fell backwards, and I was precipitated with great force on to the whole range of forms behind me; they fell back, and I, putting out my right arm to save my face, injured my arm severely by so doing. There I lay, imploring those who ran to my help to let me lie in peace, and not to touch my arm. The hand was turned back, which sprained the wrist, and the thumb joint was put out. What I felt snap in my arm I knew not, but it soon appeared to be some small vein; the elbow was evidently thrown out of its proper position.

By degrees, and with much pain, I pulled the wrist

and thumb straight; and a young gentleman, who had helped to raise me, and whom I took for a surgeon, from the advice that he gave me, put my arm into a handkerchief, as a sling. Though I felt bruised all over, and fearfully apprehended a renewal of all my spinal sufferings, I was compelled to remain in the concert room; for, before I could breathe freely, it was full to excess, and quite impassable.

There I sat, in agony both of mind and body, without any one to relieve or sympathise with me—all strangers, under such feelings of excitement for the appearance of the minstrel, that, as I took it all very quietly, I was scarcely noticed, or my fall either; even my own party thought that I could not be much hurt, as I did not moan or speak, but sat almost motionless, until a flood of tears took the tension from my heart, and allowed me for a moment to feel that I was not entirely crushed. I felt that a tremendous blow had been struck near the left hip joint, and that I was bruised from shoulder to heel on that side, but did not then perceive the blessed event that had occurred. Every moment increased the swelling of the arm until the tension became agony, yet the moment that I saw Jenny Lind the excitement stunned my pain; and, as the trilling sweetness of her voice played upon my ear, while she poured forth volume after volume of liquid melody, my ecstasy became so great that I entirely forgot my pain, until the charm was dispelled by the last note dying away. Then I felt the pain with tenfold force, and could only utter to those around

me, "Oh, do encore her, do encore her; I am in agony. and don't feel it when she sings." Those around me clamoured for her re-appearance, and she smilingly and kindly returned. It may be remembered that she returned to charm the public more frequently at the Wakefield concert than at any other, thanks to my importunity and agony, not to the greediness of the people; for many cried shame, while I whisperingly implored.

I was seated so exactly opposite to this wonderful enchantress, and at such a convenient distance for observation, that I discovered that during the period in which she so wonderfully sustained and lengthened out one note, she was indebted to her ventriloquial talent, which she possesses in great perfection, for the power to do it. While her voice spread itself abroad, or was fixed in one particular part of the building, I saw her take breath three times. the voice still ringing. till she took up the note again with renewed force. Such was my impression, a finer ventriloquist I never heard; and I believe that she is greatly indebted, and even unconsciously so, to this uncommon talent, for her celebrity and astonishing musical powers. Her acting, too, is rendered quite enchanting by the efficiency with which she introduces and mingles with it this singular imitative art. Upon the whole, in spite of all that I suffered, both bodily and mentally, from fears of the future results of my fall, I never enjoyed an evening of more heartfelt pleasure.

While returning home, after having been kindly allowed to go out at the back of the Corn Exchange.

that I might escape the crush of the crowd, and gain a short cut to my lodgings; I was a little surprised to find that I had less difficulty in mounting the parapets, but never suspected the cause, imputing it to my crutch, and the assistance of the gentleman on whose arm I leaned. After many petty mishaps, and perplexities, owing to the people of the house not having returned from listening, and gazing at the crowd leaving the concert, I at last obtained admission to my lodgings, fomented my arm for an hour, and retired, quite determined to leave Wakefield in the morning, and hasten home; where I thought that the skilful medical man whom I employed there would soon restore me. Fallacious hope, I was soon convinced to the contrary: but, not to anticipate, I proceed.

Early in the morning I descended, very creepingly, to my breakfast-room, but, anxious to set off in the first coach, I would not wait for my landlady to pack up for me, she being very dilatory about giving any help, being, as she said, quite sick with pitying me. I hurried to go above stairs, and do it as well as I could with one arm, and my teeth; she stopped me at the foot of the stairs, to advise me to wait; and, while standing to say, No, thank you, greatly to my astonishment, I put up my left foot first, but found that I could not mount without great pain. I looked down incredulous, and for some time wondered how I got it there; very carefully, and fearfully, I drew

it back, and then, resigning my crutch, in great amazement put it up again, without the least assistance,—there it was, pressing the stairs on which I had put it, for the first time in seventeen years having done such a thing. Joy overwhelmed me, but a flood of tears enabled me to breathe, and I then applied myself to ascertain the whole truth; removing it again, I looked down, and discovered that the foot, which before had turned in, was replaced in its natural position,—and, on trying, I found that I could perform the rotatory movement with the hip joint, a thing I could not do for the seventeen years; and, in addition to this, I could let the leg swing with its own weight depending to it. Never shall I forget the heartfelt joy of that moment; though bruised so that I could hardly crawl, and my arm disabled, it was indeed a luxury of feeling to think, that the use of my legs was no longer denied to me. In vain had I sought for efficient medical skill, and unceasingly implored heaven for the change; and to God alone was I indebted for the miraculous cure, at a time when I least expected it, and in a manner that I least desired: but his ordination proved the best.

I set off home, and consulted my medical adviser; he differed with me as to the upper and lower bones of the arm being disunited, or not in their proper place, and said that the ligament which revolved the elbow was snapped asunder, in addition to a small vein being broken. This would be easily cured by absorbents,

as the blood lodged like a bag at the elbow : the whole arm was much discoloured. I told him of the change in my lameness, and how perfectly I could move, and revolve the hip joint, though externally very sore. The joint had suddenly shot into its original socket, after having been displaced for seventeen years, and with such force that it dislodged the jelly that had formed itself in the cup ; this became an external tumour, and my doctor absorbed it by the same process and application that he used for absorbing the blood in the arm.

Thus it was that the lameness was removed, which the faculty (and many were consulted,) had always imputed to the affection of the spine. The hip joint, in the same fall that injured the spine, had been put out of its place ; and, from long disuse, owing to the injury to the spine rendering me inactive, it had fixed itself firmly in a socket of its own forming, from which their skill could not remove it, nor could they ascertain the exact amount of injury. I had it carefully and firmly bound in its new and original position, and in a few months I was able to use it freely, but not to walk very far.

My arm became worse every day, and I began to think that I would rather resign both legs than lose the entire use of my right arm ; I soon determined not to be tampered with by surgeons, as I had been before, and, if they were not expeditious in their movements, to send for some old bone-setter at once, and have done with the business. This I threatened to my surgeon, but he

was very indignant at the insult, as he termed it, and said I should be all right in a month. He had won upon my confidence and esteem, by his skill in medical matters and his gentlemanly conversation; but I soon saw that he was no bone-setter. He trifled with it for more than a month, gently moving it a little nearer to its place, he said, every day, when I, getting impatient and still threatening, half joke half earnest, to send for the bone-setter, he brought his partner with him, telling me not to be afraid, but they had come to put the final touch to it. It was a final touch. I let them try for more than an hour, fainting under the agony that they inflicted, one, a perfect giant in strength, pulling with all his might in any direction but the right one; it was all pulling, no attempt to twist and work the elbow round into the socket. In vain I declared it was farther wrong. They at last tied my arm up to my shoulder, and kept it in that position for ten days, till I became racked with pain and fever; and on the tenth day, when it was put down, the injury was greater, the arm more disabled.

Delicacy of feeling towards them was now at an end; I told my doctor that I must send for the bone-setter. "Nonsense," said he, "it never will be straight; no man could make it straighter; we have done our best, and I will never forgive you if you injure us so." "I owe a duty to myself, sir," said I, "and must perform it; you cannot replace the elbow in its natural position, therefore another must." "It cannot be done, maam,

the pain will leave it in time; and what matter whether your arm is straight or not, you have not your livelihood to earn." "I have known so many changes in life," said I, "that I should wish to be prepared even for that; I must, therefore, perform my duty, without the slightest wish to insult you or injure your fame. Keep your own counsel, and I will do the same." "Oh, you will change your mind," said he, "we will let it rest for a week, and then we will try again." "Not with my consent," I said.

I felt disgusted at the cool *nonchalance* with which he, almost a stranger, well paid for what he did, proposed to me to debar myself of every resource, of pleasure or employment, for the sake of his name, and lead a life of misery, because he failed in bone setting; a trick of the trade, with which surgeons should never interfere, unless they wish to be thought ruffians, for 'no man of very refined feeling could do it.

I determined to send for the bone-setter that was so much extolled in the neighbourhood. I thought he was one of the Whitworth doctors, but soon learned that he was called the Halifax Witch, from Halifax, and reputed to be a man of dreadfully coarse manners, and one that would come to no one—they must go to him.

I fully expected my surgeon to pop upon me at the same time, and told my landlady I dare stake my life on the certainty; for something told me he would. He had not been when evening came, so, thinking now is the

time, I sent the servant for the man, bidding her to be very civil to him, and say that a lady, who was a great invalid, and had heard of his skill, having disabled her arm, wished him to set it; and, if he would not come, she would try her best to come to him. He said, "No; if she is a real lady, and sick, she would not like to cum to such a place as this. I'll cum to her; take this liniment, and tell her to rub t' arm for half an hour, till I cum; and yo' mun cum back for t' shew me the way." The girl returned with this message, telling me she was afraid that I should think she was recommending a sad brute to me; for, when she went into his room, he was brandishing a poker, and telling a woman he would cleave her skull, if 'she did not leave off' skriking, and stand still, while he set her bone; but she knew that he could perform great cures, as he did in setting her cousin's shoulder, when the doctors could not.

I immediately set about using the liniment, and had both arms stripped, when lo! my surgeon made his appearance, looking astonished at my employment. He asked me, was I going to retire so early? "No; I am only rubbing my arm," said I, and shewed him how much worse it was; at the same time I heard the voice of the other man in the kitchen, so I hastened to tell him that I had sent for him. "I threw myself upon his mercy," I said, "to forgive the apparent slight to him, but I must perform my duty to myself."

He had done me so much good in other respects, that I felt sorry to wound his feelings by this little *contre-*

temps, and had hoped to try the experiment without his knowing, and to continue his attendance if it failed. He declared he would not forgive any other, but me he excused. He evidently went away bitterly offended, saying, "I am sorry for you; your arm will be destroyed; the fellow that you have sent for is an ignorant scoundrel; ask him, and you will find that he does not even know the name of a nerve or muscle, much less where it lies or how to use it." "I will try him," I said. "And I hope you will put into your journal all that the gentleman says or does, and favour me with the perusal." "I promise I will," said I; "and, at the same time, you must promise not to desert my cause, if this scheme fails." "I do," said he, "and rest assured it will fail. I am sorry that you should be so perverse; better let your arm remain as it is," said he, on retiring.

My landlady came in to say that the other man, Mr. Brierley, the Halifax Witch, was impatient, so I went into the kitchen. I apologised for keeping him waiting, and, though noted for roughness of manners, he rose, made a polite bow, and begged me not to distress myself, "hoping that I was not affeard of him. I am a plain spoken man, but hope yo'll not think t' worse of me for 't." "No, certainly not, and your time being precious, we will immediately proceed to business," showing my arm.

"I 'm sorry for 't," said he, "but I can cure that, mother, though its a very bad job; let 's see t' other." I showed him the other arm; "Aye, a right and toight

straight lass; you may smile, but it is so." "What is the cause of my not being able to move my arm in any direction, or to let it hang by my side?" "Why t' arm booans are knocked off t' coppling." "Explain, sir." "Whoy, in this rooad," describing an angle with his finger; "yo see t' upper booan is druv forard at t' end, and t' lower one is sent up t' other rooad; the blow were struck here, I 'm sure," fixing the edge of his hand exactly where it was struck. "How long sin were it done?" "Four weeks, sir." "And what for did yo never get it set?" "A small vein or blood vessel was broken near the thumb, and much blood to be absorbed that was lodged at the elbow." "Absoorbed," said he, with a half comic face of contempt, "I 'd have set it furst hour, if t' blood had a bin spouting up to t' ceiling; but I suppose yo sent for a gentleman, with gloves on?" "Yes," said my landlord, forgetting his promise to suppress names, "Miss C—— saw a gentleman with gloves on." "Miss, miss," said he, "I beg pardon, I called yo mother, but yo've had somebody mambly pamblying at t' arm, till t' flesh is all in a jelly; it could a bin set long afore this, whoy worn't it?" Determined not to mention my surgeon, I replied, "I was perhaps a little too chicken-hearted at first." "Yo 're not a bit frightened now, and yo mun be brave, or I 'll not touch it. I 'll pain yo none, t' arm 'll pain yo, not me. I 'll set it right and toight before I go; it shall be a cure. Let me see," said he, "would yo loike to be

put into a dreamy soot of sleep?" What, mesmerism," said I. "Messmefiddledum, what I do I eall dreamy sleeps. I 'll shew thee."

All the time that we were talking, he had my elbow in hot water, saying that the embrocation had not suplyfied it enough. He now began to play off his tricks of animal magnetism, by fixing his eyes steadily on mine, inserting one finger in the eentre of my forehead, working his other fingers in various directions, and with his other hand pressing first on one nerve, then on another, until very singular sensations seized upon me; so I roused myself, and refused to let him continue it; during this time, the arm that my landlady had all the while fomented, became sufficiently suplyfied, as he said, and then he prepared to grind me.

Having given my eonsent, he told Mr. and Mrs. S——, with whom I lived, that he should need no help, but just to hold me down on my chair. I should not have consented, only he agreed so entirely with me as to the position of the bones, as I felt them to be. He gave Mr. S—— my left arm to hold, bidding Mrs. S—— to press me down. I offered to put my left hand on to the other, to help them to hold; but he beat it off, saying "Touch that again if yo dur, and I 'll warm yo for it." In the instant that he fixed his back against my right side, and fastened his right hand grip on the upper arm, I felt that I was in the paws of a lion, or in an iron vice; his

eyes flashed like a tiger's; no pulling at my arm's extremity, but firmly grasping the centres of the upper and lower arm, he stretched the elbow, worked the rotatory movement briskly, then twisted the lower arm round, holding the other as in a tight press.

In vain I shrieked for mercy; but when he turned it back, and bent it down, and backwards, my agony was so great that I exclaimed, raising myself up with an herculean effort, so as to throw off both Mr. and Mrs. S——, "Ruffian, forbear, how dare you offer to destroy my arm?" "Say that word again," cried he in a rage, "and by Guy I'll drive my hand into your face, if yo wus Queen of England; or give another skrike, and I'll let go, though it's near done." He looked like a fury while he said this. "I'll let go, if you speak or yelp again." "My agony is too great. I must, I will speak; let go b-r-r-r-ute, you will destroy my arm, and I will not allow you." I fixed my eyes steadily on his tiger-like gaze, and, I am sure, gave him flash for flash. Mrs. S—— said that my eyes looked like two little flames in my head. He then said, in a more gentle tone, "I've a great fancy to cure thee. thou'rt so brave; and I should not like to strike thee, and thou would not like me to do it; another word, and I'll let go; it puts me out to hear a woman skrike, and peticlar one like yo, at begun so brave."

"My agony makes me do it, and, rude as you are, you cannot, dare not play the brute with me. You understand; you know your business well, so go on,

go on, and never mind. I 'll say what I like, and if you drive your hand into my face, I 'll drive you down." "Mun I let go?" said he, with a great yaw haw haw of a laugh; highly diverted was he at the idea of me driving him down, when I could not move an inch from his iron grasp. "Mun I let go?" in a half-smiling, half-menacing manner. "Don't be rude, sir." "Be civil, mother, miss, mam, I mean." "I wont, you kill me." "I haven't the heart to let go, or I would." Another tremendous twist, and "there now, it 's as neat as t' kernel in t' nut, except backward move." "Oh, let me breathe," said I. "Ta does more t'an breathe, ta puffs hard, and I were right sorry for thee in t' heart, or I wouldn't a gone on when ta called me so."

"Now, sit easy," said he, "and ta mun perform some tricks. Touch i' chin." I cannot. "It mun be done, or I mun yoiike at it again." He helped me to touch my chin, and turn my arm in every natural movement, requiring me to do the same again without his help. I soon perceived that all was right, except being able to bend it backwards. "Now for 't backard move," said he, "and if yo yelp, by Guy, I 'll wallop yo. Silence, all; it 's t' critical pint." Oh what a groan I gave! "Behave yoursel'—but yo' are brave; yor a real brave, neat woman; and flesh as soft as fithers."

While trying the movements of my arm, he said, "I 'll tell yo' what, mistress, your heart worn't made

for walking much; it plays pit-a-pat jumpingly; there 's more to do wi 't heart than 't arm now; I should like to gauge it." "First tell me, if any injury was done to the ligament of this arm that you are putting your bind-fast on, as you eall your plaisters?" "No, and never were." "You are wrong, Sir, the ligament that revolves the elbow was snapped; I felt it snap." "That ans a thunderer; did 't mon in 't gloves tell tee so?" "It is truth." "Oh but ta 'd make a rare doctor's wife, mother."

"Never mind that," said I, "but tell me about the ligaments; and are all the nerves, tendons, and blood-vessels in their right place? How do the flexors and extensors lie? Have they received any injury?" His look here was irresistibly comic. "Ligimunts," said he, "flexers, stensers, narves, and vessils; t' are larned. I never heed ligimunts, vessils, nor narves nother. I know all that belongs to a jint, and how it should fit and lie; and, more tan that, which rooad to yoike it when it is thrusten out of its proper bent. Your arm 's right, is 't not?" "Yes, I see you understand the business of bone-setting, or I would not have said, Go on." "Yeye, but I should have liked to welt yo' when yo' called me so, only I had n't t' heart; besides it wobbut a bin like hommering a feather bed. Yo'n the softest flesh at ere I handled."

I should not so readily have ventured my arm in his grasp, only he previously won my confidence, when I shewed him the thumb that I had set myself, and

which was still swollen. He said, "Aye, you 're a grand doctor: it 's not set." He immediately fixed the thumb in his own hand, in a singular manner, and, with his thumb under it, gave it a gentle jerk that made me move it easily. "You think it 's right now, don't you?" "Yes, Sir." "You 're out there." Another touch made it like the other thumb. The surgeon had told me that I really had set it, and it was only swollen. No swelling was to be seen after the Halifax Witch, as they call this Mr. Brierley, had jerked it into its place; so I let him begin with the arm immediately.

All done with the arm, he wished to sound the heart, telling me the doctors had been all wrong, for I had suffered more from enlargement of the heart than any spinal complaint; and he should like to cure me altogether. I declined his advice, telling him that I had full confidence in the medical adviser I had chosen. "What, the gentleman wi 't buckram and starch collar, the mon in t' gloves! I know a thing or two as well as him, and have travelled 't world o'er, altho' I dooant wear gloves; not because I have n't money to buy 'em, but I can't abide 't trouble of putting 'em on. I 've as nice a Hall to live in as here and there one, and another besides, both my own; so that 's not wanting money."

I rose to go away—"Nay, you 'll not leave; I like to talk to you. I 'm a plain, rough man, but you 'll forgive all I said, I know; and I an summut to forgive, too—cum, shake hands. There, now," as I instantly pre-

sented my hand with a smile, "you are a nice woman ; and, if ever you will be at the trouble of coming to Halifax, I shall be glad to see you at Midge Hall," I think he said, "to stay as long as you like ; and you shall have such usage as no lady could complain of." I thanked him, and said that, if ever I came that way, I would visit him. He sat a long time in conversation, displayed a great deal of rude Yorkshire wit, told me all he knew of Liverpool, after Mrs. S. said that I came from that town. Among others, he mentioned my brothers respectfully. I told him I was related to them ; and, when I replied readily to his questions, he said, "She 's cummin out of her shell, proud lady as she is. Thou might well ask me to be purlite," turning to the servant girl. "I know who you are now ; you belong to t' great folks ; and I know more about yo than yo think for." "Indeed," I said, "I have little to do with great folks, but many, many good ones ; and that is better." After this, his manner changed for one of great respect.

He spoke of his travels in the Holy Land, and gave some good descriptions of Jerusalem, &c. &c. ; and, when we exclaimed at anything very wonderful, he said, "Doant' blame me ; t' Jerusalem liars told me so." Mrs. S. asked him, was he a married man when he travelled so far ? Yes ; he had married twice. He described his first courtship, spoke feelingly of his first wife's death, shewing the key of her tomb, where he could, and often did, go to see her. He played the poet too, telling me that he was one, talked in rhyme, and recited what he had

made on his first wife, when courting her. I forget it all, but the few lines which I quote as sufficient to shew the style of his poetic genius. After mentioning a new dress that he had presented for her wedding attire, it ran on in the following refined and elegant style—all the other portions equally sublime:—

“As lively a gownd as e’er a mon seed;
By guy but it were a slasher indeed.
I tuk her to church, and made her my wife,
And never repented in t’ course of my life.”

He asked the cause of my accident, and said, “You were very weak to pay so much and get bruised in t’ bargain. I would not give a penny for either. I can whistle over t’ hills and over t’ moors; and that ’s as good.”

To conclude with a description of his person. He was of the middle size, rather thin, long arms, very muscular and broad chested, for his small bulk, a thin face, but very expansive forehead, yet it was compact, great benevolence in his countenance, remarkably piercing eyes; his rough manners generally put on to frighten. On being asked his charge, he said, “I shall charge you the same as though you were not a lady, but a poorer person. I sarve all alike, except what I take from t’ rich I give to t’ poor. You will have to pay me three and sixpence.” “Most willingly.” This only was charged for setting, bindfasts, and embrocation. On going away, he renewed his invitation to Halifax; and when he asked for a parting shake of the hand, I presented the left hand, which he took, saying, “Aye, it is a nice little

hand, and as soft as putty, but I mun have t' other." He shook it heartily, but gently, saying, "Now, aint it well." "It is, and God bless you for it." "Amen. You *are* a nice lady; I know the house, and shall come and see at it keeps right."

I have often thought since what a desirable thing it would be for surgeons to take such men into their employ—and not meddle with bone-setting themselves, but stand by to see that the patient did not sink under the giant's paw. How much of suffering and deformity would then be saved from appearing, and they not a whit the less respected for it, but more admired for confessing their ignorance, and resigning the charge of that which they do not understand from want of practice, not of skill, and from want of the want of sensitive feeling, which precludes the possibility, sometimes, of their using such brute force.

An Essay.

On Society in general, the advantages which may be derived from calling in the aid of Anecdote, Argument, Quotation, Poetry, Song, and occasional Recitation, to render Conversation and Society agreeable; the necessity and propriety of choosing the anecdote, argument, or subject of conversation, agreeably to bear upon the tone of mind of the company with whom we are conversing; and a few observations on the inutility of trying to improve or edify, unless each mind contains a soil within, previously prepared for the reception of the seed which we desire to sow.

SOCIETY is capable of yielding so much pleasure, and affords so many sources of amusement, knowledge, enjoyment, social happiness, and instruction, that I feel surprised at any persons ever having been found that could voluntarily seclude themselves, because they felt disgusted with the cheateries and hypocrisies of the meaner part of the world. Even the most intellectual mind need not always be refined and learned, mixing alone with the erudite and noble; but should rather recreate itself by perusing every leaf of the book of nature.

The study of the human heart provides a field to wander in, of such immense extent, variety, sublimity, and beauty, that the keen observer may gather honey

from every flower in the garden of life, though, unhappily, he may too frequently stumble on deformities that yield only poison, which it requires much judgment and penetration to escape; and no little caution is necessary to avoid intimacy with the triflers and drones that swarm around the entrance of the busy hive of human life.

Society demands that every one should freely contribute his little stock of honey to the general store, leaving out the poison lest it should render the hive sickly. And it as urgently demands that all should cultivate their talents to the utmost, in order to do justice to their own interests, and to those of every one around them, or with whom they live in fellowship.

Intellect, in its march through Great Britain, has made such rapid strides within the last century, that it is now almost impossible to find any grade of society, which is not absolutely vicious, that does not possess within itself materials which might be taken for a foundation, on which to build a structure of moral feeling, refinement, and sentiment.

Education has now become so general, and is so munificently distributed gratuitously to those whose money resources would otherwise debar them its advantages, that those parents must be poor and unambitious indeed who do not avail themselves of its refining influence for their children, if not for themselves; and I sincerely hope that the time is not far distant, when the present lower ranks will reach a state beyond the

moral intelligence, taste, talent, and science, of the middle grades; while the ranks above them are gradually arriving at such a point of Christianity, morality, refinement, and elegance, as cannot be surpassed.

God has endowed the creatures whom he created in his own image with so many improvable attributes and excellences, which lead to perfection and happiness, that even in this life a high degree of felicity may be attained,—its resources lying within ourselves, if we only use them with equanimity of temper, and endeavour strenuously to estimate all things according to their real value; at the same time, taking with us into every society that we frequent, a disposition to teach others to do the same, without desiring any dominion beyond what reason, conviction, or preference may willingly yield to us.

Domination is a thing of all others that should never be carried into society; it can only render the possessor disagreeable who introduces it, for good society requires perpetual yielding, a desire to please all parties, consult all tastes, and indulge all opinions, as far as truth will permit, a deviation from which I would recommend all persons to shun, whatever may be the penalty for upright speaking; yet silence can always be observed, with propriety, when to reveal the truth would disturb the serenity of a party, without effecting any good purpose.

I was once told by a lady, that she always required

her children to speak well of all persons and all things, whatever they might think of them. I could not help asking her, Would it not be better to teach them to speak the truth of all persons and things, or not to speak at all?

A charitable concealment of the truth is always pardonable, particularly when any injury might be done by being too communicative. Yet, in other circumstances, tastes, opinions, and sentiments may be good-humouredly maintained, in all polite or respectable society, without any contention, or rival animosity, and its laws require not any mean submission to the dominion of the unreasonable or arrogant.

What is called exclusive, or really fashionable society, has little to recommend it; the trifling etiquettes, forms, and ceremonies that trammel it, border so much on folly and insipidity — so many quibbles, fopperies, and extravagancies lead it into error, and bedizen its surface with gilding, colour, and tinsel, of no intrinsic value, for it cloy the palate, without satisfying the appetite, pleasing the taste, or improving the heart. Of all characters in life, I would choose least to become a votary of fashion, and subject to its fickle changes.

Pray, tell me, wherein lies the stability of character of one who will praise to-day that which, to maintain himself in fashion, he must to-morrow condemn? Wherein lies the honour of a man who will pledge himself to make your interests his own, and, when he finds that you require his help, forgets to keep his promise? Wherein

lies the feeling or sentiment of a man, who will hold out the ready hand of friendship in the day of prosperity, and turn the cold shoulder when fortune frowns, and takes away the appliances of wealth and fashion, because it would shake his dignity in the fashionable world to be seen talking to a poor man; the poor man's merit dwindling into poverty, in the eye of the fashionable man, as rapidly as his coat becomes threadbare? Where lie the tender sympathies of one who only sympathises with the fortunate; where lies the intellect of one who only uses it to study forms and ceremonies, or how to make a graceful bow, and lead a lady, with due honours, to her chair in the most *distingué* manner—to sit by her and speak of operas and night assemblies—the lady just as unintellectual, frivolous, and insipid as himself—as much a votary of heartless fashion, partaking of no care that reason guides, or religion sanctions—a character of all others the least enviable, yet, unfortunately for the world's spiritual prosperity, much too common and numerous?

Those fashionable and polite parties alone are delightful, which really and truly come under the denomination of *conversazione*, where genius, learning, wit, intelligence, genuine humour, science, philosophy, theory, reasoning, and all the sparkling sallies that a vivid imagination can put forth, assemble together, and freely share and mingle all they have and conceive, for the benefit of the whole party.

But one great error frequently exists in these

assemblies, which is, that those who know each other intimately collect together in knots, at a convenient distance from the others, and discuss the points most interesting to themselves, instead of talking for the amusement and benefit of the whole company.

For the accomplishment of this purpose, the party should be rather well chosen, than numerous; and restricted to the rule, of not more than two or three entering into argument at once, audible enough for all to hear; politeness would induce them to wait for the rhetoric of each speaker, and thus, much instruction would be conveyed to the listeners in general.

I found it very agreeable to make such parties, during the period that my spinal afflictions compelled me constantly to recline on a board; and, in despite of my bodily sufferings, many were the delightful evenings that I spent.

I restricted my little parties to a few rules, which proved their efficacy to render the meetings more agreeable and intellectual; none were permitted to turn aside, with only one or two listeners; one and all were occasionally called upon for a song, or an anecdote; and, if the company contained a few well informed, reasonable arguers, who could keep it up with perfect good humour, wit, and spirit, a subject was proposed, their opinions asked, and offered in opposition to others; and the arguers began, all the others listened, and occasionally put in an observation, to assist the one whose opinions they espoused; or

some lively sally was shot from the wit and intelligence of the ladies; and, not unfrequently, a few merry questions in order to baffle the skill of the arguers.

I was frequently, on one and the same evening, visited by four gentlemen, three of whom were men of highly cultivated intelligence, but all distinctly marked by difference of character, and originality of style; the eldest possessed a fund of useful knowledge, and high reasoning, or rather calculating powers, without the cultivated intelligence of the other three, or equal powers of language; next came one whom the ladies all called the Honourable Sober Sides, for nothing went down with him, that did not partake of a refined sense of honour, feeling, and propriety. The most amusing of the three possessed a rich fund of real, comic humour, coupled with the most cultivated understanding, and a fearless, honest spirit, that spoke home truths most freely, yet with such a kind, good feeling, that none could take offence: he always made the room ring with merry laughter, even from the one cut up,—and he minced them all, indiscriminately. The youngest of the party was a beau, a poet, a true, pure lover of the softer sex, who could not utter any thing in the presence of the ladies, that did not partake of refined sentiment, and shew his sense of respect for them; but he could argue well, possessing much fiery eloquence, enthusiasm, and flowery ideality.

My female friends and I always spent an evening of intellectual revelry, when these four came; and we

never neglected to oppose them to each other, in argument,—allowing them occasionally to pause, for the songs, sallies of wit, and anecdotes of the ladies. Thus, my fair readers will perceive that I do not preach that which I have not practised; and, should they follow my example, they may rely on amassing such an amount of pleasure, as will repay them for their hospitality, however munificent it may be.

Cards were a thing I never liked to introduce, where there were tongues possessed of an elegant, and copious flow of speech, for, besides the loss of time, the insipidity of throwing down bits of painted paper, in stupid silence, and taking them up again, to the destruction of the loser's temper, and a sacrifice of the golden god, that seems to govern more than half the world. It appears to me a folly, requiring much credulity to believe that reasoning creatures can be charmed with it, and esteem it as a pastime.

Though I have frequently not refused to join in a game, in which the merry rattle of the tongue was not denied to us, and even proposed it in society not very intellectual, yet I believe with the poet, whose lines I will now quote, for I think they should be largely disseminated, that there is no time to play at cards appointed anywhere.

“ When Scott's wild witchery is o'er,
 When Byron's muse can charm no more,
 When Milton's heavenly muse we scout,
 And Shakespeare's magic light is out ;

When Ratchiffe, Smollett, Irving, Fielding
 Have lost the power of pleasure yielding;
 When music is no longer blended,
 And humorous stories all are ended;
 When sense, nor wit, nor mirth regards,
 Then is the time to play at cards."

I think that few well regulated minds will disapprove of the preceding lines, or dispute their truth and zeal for the suppression of the not always harmless pastime of card playing; which is sometimes the foundation of ruin unutterable, both to the soul and body, here and hereafter.

Many are the advantages that may be derived, from gaining the *entrée*, into what is generally called good society,—called so because of its agreeableness, refinement, polish, and social interchange of thought, knowledge, feelings, sentiments, and opinions,—strictly moral, though not particularly distinguished for its piety. Let those who have even mediocre talent live in such society for a season, and enter it with a fixed determination to become keen observers of its internal machinery, and they are sure to collect materials for a mount of knowledge, of no small dimensions, of their own heaping up.

There, the book of nature stands open for their perusal, and this phase of human nature, being governed by a spirit of such vast proportions as the powers of reason, in all its branches, whether straight,

crippled, knotted, bending, upright, graceful, or deformed,—and all the various instincts, passions, appetites, senses, and acquirements, that it governs and overlooks; each, and every one of them, being placed in its most conspicuous point of view, from a truculent spirit of rivalry, existent in all societies,—they must be stupid indeed if they do not learn; and, also, learn to take advantage of the knowledge they obtain, to frame for themselves a code of government, which shall carry them through every other society, they may chance to come in contact with, creditably to themselves.

And this may be done, this code of government may be formed, by reflecting deeply on all that we see and hear in society, and applying it properly to ourselves; for, though much information, and real profitable knowledge, may be acquired in society by conversation, it is only by deep reflection that we acquire a knowledge and conviction of the truth on any subject.

We may certainly obtain an abundant stock of information, by hearing others speak of what they have read or heard, but it is only by reflection thereon that it becomes our own property, and mingles with our other knowledge, to season our judgment and sagacity. It is only by reflection, that we learn to perceive and feel a truth, and its connexion with other truths that we already know; it is only by reflection, that we cease to repeat by rote what we

obtain from others, and are persuaded, in our own minds, from insight and conviction.

No matter what the subject is, grave or volatile, sober or merry, abstruse or light, all alike require reflection, to enable us to discuss them with judgment and effect; and whatever we learn, believe, or admit, without consideration or reflection, has no stability or permanency, but, like the Will-o'-the-wisp, or marsh light, will shine brilliantly for a while, only to deceive, then flickering fall away, sometimes to come again, but more frequently to expire.

The minds of those who do not reflect, are as variable as the modes and fashions that prevail in genteel society; for they, not always having the teacher or the writings at hand that communicated to them their former notions, which they adopted without examination or consideration, and not being in the habit of thinking for themselves, neglected by reflection thereon to make their own, cannot maintain them again on principle, and often contradict one day that in which they have the previous one professed themselves believers. Thus they fall into absurdity, and do many things, from negligence and want of reflection, which may often be imputed to them as dishonour, and a servile taking up of the opinions of others, while they discard their own notions on the subject, when, truly, they have only forgotten them.

It is needful, therefore, for all who would obtain a certain solidity of thought and action, who would recog-

nise truth, and obtain an authentic, soothing assurance of it, to reflect upon all the information they receive, to reflect upon all they read, to hear with patient attention; and rather to proceed slowly and surely, than with rapid strides in knowledge, lest they neglect to retain it.

It is better to learn a little well, than a great deal without fully understanding it; for fully understanding what we learn, leads to the discovery of other knowledge, which seems to come by intuition, and if we reflect and combine it with other things that bear upon it, we may eke out a vast amount of learning, reasoning, and information, most pleasing to possess or to communicate to others in conversation.

Conversation, to be perfectly agreeable, should possess the qualities of intelligence, force, simplicity, and animation; for little pleasure, and no profit, can be derived from meaningless talk, for mere talking's sake.

The insipidity of relating the process of domestic arrangements, the inadvertencies, irregularities, and impertinencies of servants, the idle and arrogant pomposity of proclaiming a knowledge of what the great Mr. or Mrs. Somebody intends to do, where they are going, or what they say about petty affairs, of no importance to any one but the acting parties, cannot properly be called conversation. Parrots are sometimes quite as intelligent and edifying, if brought into company, and act upon the same principle, uttering only that which they have heard others say; instead of forming ideas

of their own, admitting the opinions of others, only as a foundation or embellishment for their own, or adopting such portions as their principles and reason can approve.

I would not propose to any one, hastily to adopt the opinions of another, without positive demonstration of their undisputed truth and utility ; but we may often, without adopting the opinion of another, cull from it some portion of truth, to mingle with, or rest a structure of our own upon ; or we may find in the language of those who express themselves freely, a phraseology which, if adopted, may in some degree improve our own style of speaking. Therefore, I recommend to the young, that they should be listeners rather than talkers, except as opportunity offers to put in a pertinent remark or question, which may draw forth a clearer explanation of the subject advanced by their superiors in knowledge, and thus give them the power of improving their own ideas, and imbibing a higher tone of eloquence when permitted themselves to speak.

The very young can seldom, with propriety, enter into argument on any subject ; but they may gain many advantages, if in the company of talented persons, by modestly introducing a series of questions, which will set those who surround them off into argument, and then they should attentively listen to that which they have called up ; and should the argument be carried on by reasoners, they may derive more knowledge of the truth, on the subject in discussion, than from a whole volume

written by a single individual on the same subject, without any opposition, question, or investigation.

Argument among reasoners is the very soul of conversation; and if those reasoners possess equanimity of temper, an equal amount of pleasure, amusement, and profitable knowledge may be derived from listening to them. But to set cavillers upon argument, is at once to call up a meaningless strife of words, a catching and quibbling upon petty ambiguities or errors in phraseology, and a disposition to be splenetic with those who differ from their opinions and prejudices, or refuse to succumb to their erroneous assertions, which they, perhaps, can neither demonstrate nor prove, yet obstinately persist in maintaining. Such an argument, introduced into society, must inevitably destroy the pleasure of the meeting, and render the contending parties despicable in the eyes of any sensible and peace-loving person that hears them.

It is not possible for a social or friendly meeting to be refined, elegant, polished, or amusing, unless the muses and the graces join the company, and distribute their favours around, assisted by cheerfulness and good humour, united with occasional sallies of jocularly and mirth, always intermingled with discrimination and perfect good will. The soul may then enjoy a feast, and unreservedly yield to the sprightliness and gaiety which naturally result from the possession of peace, intelligence, and innocence. It is sweet, on such occasions, to lay aside the austerities of wisdom, and indulge in a species

of graceful, easy, and temporary folly, so long as it entirely excludes vice or immorality, and is perfectly consistent with innocence, and the natural disposition of a being eminently distinguished by the noble faculties of reason, the varied and valuable powers of the imagination, mixed up with its lively springs of frolic, wit, and humour, and with judgment to draw from the more useful streams of observation and reflection, derivable from every source of action.

How delightfully the hours pass away, when solidity of judgment and deep searching wisdom are enlivened by brilliancy of wit; when the lively sallies of a refined and cultivated imagination are mixed up with an occasional interchange of sweet and pensive melancholy, and now and then a sterner touch of gravity. Easy freedom, and an unstudied exchange of the sentiments which naturally arise in a cultivated mind, form a very agreeable recreation, and dismiss the mind to its sterner duties with a renovated constitution; and severe indeed, must that man be, who would prohibit any pleasant and innocent mode of passing a leisure hour in congenial company.

When I speak of the sallies of wit and humour, my idea is far removed from any thing that can possibly come under the denomination of buffoonery. It is very bad taste, at any time, to introduce into refined, genteel, or even respectable society in mediocrity of life, that species of rude mirth which may properly be called buffoonery; for it has such a tendency to depress every

thing which can elevate the thoughts, purify the heart, improve the morals, please the imagination, or recreate the mind. It is calculated rather to fatigue it; for a mind endowed with any degree of refinement requires more delicate food to please its palate, and nauseates when stuffed with a thing so coarse as practical folly, or bad imitations of awkward manners, and ill-bred expressions.

But there are many persons, some of whom are to be met with in good society, singular characters, of highly respectable position in the world, and good parentage, who can only obtain notice in society by making themselves conspicuous for folly, who, determined to be noticed at all events, always carry this commodity about with them, to the annoyance of those who have better taste than to admire or encourage it.

Nothing can excuse practical folly, unless it is based on a scheme of genuine wit and humour, racy in quality, and such as will shake the sides with merry laughter, eliciting a good-natured peal even from the one practised on or keenly touched by its point; then indeed that man must be a churl that would refuse the tribute of a smile or a merry laugh, or frown upon the gaiety around him.

But of all the things that dishonour society by obtaining free admission, Scandal is the most barefaced, sickening, and degrading; and none possessed of any sense of honour can either encourage or adopt an evil so pernicious, both to the originator and recipient, who

meanly retails it for the love of spreading evil reports of those who perhaps excel him, and thus evoke his envious malice. Ladies' tea parties are much too frequently made the vehicle of this degrading vice, or at least flagrant folly, for it breeds dissensions, and forfeits friends; and these parties have only deservedly obtained the vulgar name of scandal broth.

I once was present at a country party of this description, wherein dear friends were dissected with a merciless knife. The dissection generally commenced with some such ingenious preface as, They are vastly nice people—I respect them very much, no one more so—yet I cannot approve of such strange conduct as theirs. Then every petty *faux pas* was dilated on. And though I respect the people, I despise all these; their pride and extravagance is quite intolerable—appearing so much better than other people, exclaims one lady. Another chimes in with, Pride must have a fall, you know, one day. We shall see how they will stand. Pray, says another, do you think their credit good? uttered in such a tone as to convey a warning hint. And what do you think of Miss S—'s new bean, that she is trifling with while the other is out of town. At the same time that it was well known that both parties were only friends.

I became much disgusted with this sort of entertainment; in vain I tried to turn the tide of ill report by introducing other subjects; this only succeeded when I humoured them by replying to the inquisitive questions that they asked relating to myself, and the spinal com-

plaint with which I was then deeply afflicted. I lay on a couch among them, as the party met at a friend's house with whom I was on a visit. One of the ladies present was a perfect country chronicle, for she freely communicated both her own and other people's affairs, and seemed to know the time of every act past, going on, or intended, throughout every village within twenty or thirty miles. In the morning, I amused my young friends by writing the following sportive lines, which I present to my young readers, as a true demonstration of what a country party sometimes contains, even among the enlightened; who, residing far from populous towns, too often allow themselves to listen to every bit of idle news, for mere talking's sake, or want of frequent intellectual intercourse, and more refined society.

THE COUNTRY GOSSIPS UNVEILED,

OR AN ADDRESS TO CONVERSATION.

Hail, social converse, whither art thou flown?
 Thy tranquil joys seem here but little known:
 When social parties here do chance to meet,
 Stale village news appears the only treat;
 They, while the Chinese herb they slowly sip,
 Their neighbour's reputation try to rip;
 Each lady seems to know her friend's affairs.
 Though too she tells her own, she utters theirs.

Says one, "I hear young S—— is gone to France,
 When there, methinks, he 'll lead a rakish dance ;
 That he 's the means to travel seems most strange,
 What luck some folks have. What a mighty change !
 I knew the day, when his papa of yore
 Had nought but three legged stool and sanded floor ;
 By ceaseless toil, he has gained, 't is said, a plumb,
 And countless lands,—all mortgaged though, but mum.
 He toiled 't is true. But knaves sometimes can thrive !
 To overreach each novice, he did strive ;
 His hoarded savings he now prides to shew ;
 His eldest hope he 'd have the world to know,
 Like lordlings, whom he serves, his son must travel.
 Like them, he must blind fortune's web unravel ;
 Like them, indulge in each new fashioned vice ;
 What they do once, to show his taste, do thrice.
 And I will tell you now what few have heard,
 A libertine he is. Now take my word,
 He 'll run through all his fortune, long before
 Or France or Italy is half gone o'er."

Another lady, in the corner, cries
 "I have news of one of our gay butterflies ;
 The belle, young S—— has left behind, will go,
 To Hymen's altar, shortly. Don't you know ?
 A better match ; a man of rank,—'tis said,
 The faithless fair will shortly deign to wed.
 Await till S—— returns, she says she 'll not ;
 But take the latter chance,—while love is hot."

Another lady here takes up the ball,
 And some such words as these from her do fall :
 " Let her beware how she may trust this man !
 He 'll rifle her of honour, if he can ;
 'T is said that he seduces every fair,
 Whose mind external graces can ensnare."

Cries one, who heretofore had silent sat,
 " If all be true, you are not correct in that !
 'Twas but the other day, I heard, that he
 Was deemed the very soul of charity,
By those who know him not. But I can tell.
 His soul with pride's own essence oft doth swell ;
 How can he participate both feelings ?
 Pride gives a check to generous dealings !
 I like him not ; but yet, I would not say
 One half the ill, I heard the other day."

" Oh yes ! let 's hear," cry half the party out ;
 " Come, let us know ; what was it all about ?"
 The lady then affectedly replies,
 While half inclined to add to their surprise,
 By telling o'er the ditty she had heard,
 Of which she did n't believe a single word.
 " Dear ladies, do not ask me to reveal,
 What I am pledged so closely to conceal ;
 Excuse, 't is not my custom to defile ,
 Even though I am certain that the object 's vile ;
 I love not to repeat the ill I hear !
 But where 's the good ? This world has none, I fear.

Too oft doth evil take the reins below,
 And travels swiftly,—while the good moves slow.”
 Thus mispent hours roll on, the lost time flies,
 One folly rises, while another dies ;
 Thus flows the converse, o’er the evening meal,
 Thus venom’d malice doth itself reveal,
 And those who like it not their lips may seal.
 Thus reputation ’s sullied by the throng,
 Few escape censure, be they right or wrong.
 The envious never strive to emulate,
 But vent their malice in unholy hate ;
 Mixed up with vain pretence of friendly zeal,
 The better their base feelings to conceal.

And are there none so kind, who will defend,
 While all profess the will to play the friend ?
 Sure friendship is a word should ne’er be named,
 Where friends will tamely hear their friends defamed ;
 Nor try to turn the tide of ill report,
 E’en though ’t is levelled where they friendship court.
 Defending not, they could hold forth a strain,
 Might thrust the slanderers on another vein ;
 ’T is better to effect a dissertation,
 On sciences, the arts, on speculation ;
 On how the world speeds, or what news abroad,
 E’en what the theatres or opera afford ;
 Or any topic free from evil range,
 Try anything, the slanderous tale to change.

How much more pleasingly the time expires,
 Where love of learning checks all low desires ;
 How swiftly glides it on, where parties meet,
 Who only wish a conversational treat ;
 Who freely enter on communication,
 Unaided by a studied preparation ;
 Let all assemble with this virtuous aim,
 Then all the pleasing privilege can claim.
 Of joining an assembly of good souls,
 Whom love of sociality controls ;
 Such rare talents render converse pleasing ;
 Love of conversation here seems ceasing.

Whither art thou flown—sweet conversation ?
 Hasten to us, and resume thy station ;
 Oh fly not from us ; but let us still taste
 Those pleasures which rude slander hath displaced :
 Let us receive from thee true joys, which may
 Justly to us belong, if we essay
 To travel through thy mazes, with the view
 To please, and gain instruction ; but adieu.
 And may each soul that loves to study thee,
 The endless beauties of thy science see.

The liberal portion of the party, assembled on the evening mentioned, occasionally visited me, I, therefore, read to them the above, and all acknowledged the reproof a just one ; requesting earnestly that I would send a copy to the *Country Chronicle*, as a check to her gossip

and scandal; this I declined, feeling assured that it would answer no purpose, but to create an enemy for me. I would have braved that, but I was too young then to offer efficient reproof, to one so much older than myself; I, therefore, left her in the hands of God, and recommend all who read these pages, not to fall into her error.

We should go into company, not for the pleasure it may afford ourselves, but for the improvement we may derive, by observing the superior manners and attainments of others, and for the kindly purpose of acquiring capabilities of giving pleasure to others, and thus implanting the same feeling in our own minds. And let us consider every one we meet with in society, who surpasses us in any good quality, as the person who is, unconsciously, to become our instructor in that quality; resolutely determining to allow his or her example and conversation to guide us in our efforts to attain excellence therein. A perseverance in this principle will suppress all tendency to envy or jealousy, vices so destructive to the well being and happiness of society; vices so full of meanness, and so derogatory to the mind, that degrades itself by such evil influences.

We should go into society, not to detract from the merit of others, but to imitate and practise their virtues. The spirit is mean indeed, that feels no certainty of fame, for its own merit, till it has depreciated the merit of others. Why not let each enjoy

that portion of fair fame, which his or her merit and talent deserve? The world's mind is spacious enough to contain an admiring feeling for them all; and tastes, feelings, and opinion are so diverse, mixed, and changeful, that each may have a copious supply of friends and followers, without deducting from the welfare of another, or falling short of imitators of themselves.

We are, by nature, so much the creatures of imitation, that it is almost impossible to mingle long with any society, without, in some degree, imbibing its manners and prejudices; therefore, I recommend to all my young readers, gently to glide out of all society that exhibits symptoms of corrupt principles, notions, or manners, lest such evil intercourse, if frequent, should stamp a filth spot in the mind, more likely to spread abroad its influence, than to be crushed and overcome by the gentler virtues that surround it; the only way to escape defilement, is never to approach it. We only escape temptation, by receding backwards whenever it advances, so that it cannot reach us; or giving it the broad way to pass, teaching our eyes to view it as a noxious thing, that glitters for a while, and has a shining surface, while it putrefies within, and is unwholesome at the core; suspecting which we then can view it with indifference, and smile triumphant as we glide away beyond its reach. Thus, when an evil intercourse is offered, we may easily decline association; and neither quarrel about its noxious properties or evil tendency, nor imitate its vices.

Yet we are so entirely the creatures of imitation, that by it we live and move, in connexion, thought, and action, with the beings of this world. It is chiefly by imitation, that we promote the first law of nature, self-preservation; by imitation, we feed, clothe, and shelter ourselves; it is by imitation, that we have been drawn from a savage state, into one of civilisation; and it is by imitation, coupled with a spirit of emulation, that the human mind has attained its present elevated point, and overcome so many difficulties, and barriers to art and science.

It is by imitation and emulation, that, after the foundation of any new great improvement in art or science is laid, so many others succeed it of a superior character, and render each new scientific movement a gigantic evidence of man's internal endowments, if he will only use the talents bestowed on him by the Almighty hand, in such a manner as the all-wise giver designed they should be used, and not subvert them by his proud will and weaker judgment.

The nature of woman is less appropriate for science, than that of stubborn, studious man; and in society a lofty-minded woman gains a higher state of excellence, and strikes at ends as noble; but her high soul is softened by the milk of human kindness, and she is governed by the affections, yielding to feelings' impulses; while a lofty-minded man stands more erect in pride, and is too apt to value himself for his external honours and distinctions, forgetting that they are unworthy of

such high esteem, unless upheld by the adorning accompaniments of noble actions, intellect, and virtue. Man too frequently forgets, or does not understand, that pride is littleness, and that, however much disguised in its own majesty, it sinks the mean possessor lower than his pride can relish.

Man's pride too often shews its littleness, in his disrespect of woman, believing her to be constructed in a meaner mould; at the same time that he is content sometimes to go into society as little better than a drone. But where will you find a woman, of even moderate education, who is content to do so; is she not always anxious, ever active, and assiduous in all the movements that constitute what is called the agreeable, in the society of which she forms a part? and who so efficient as a truly well-informed, and elegantly educated woman, mingling with, and impressing the gaieties of life, with all the softening virtues that calm it down to piety and truth, and mixing intelligence with all its aspirations, hopes, and heaven-born interests in the life hereafter?

Thus let me pay due homage to my own dear sex, and hold her up to view such as she really is, the master-piece of God's creation; while I acknowledge man's superiority in science, mathematics, and profounder lore; but not in that which can be carried on in social intercourse — it is woman that was formed for that, and in society she most excels.

But not to vaunt her excellences more than sober man will venture to approve, I will proceed to touch a

theme in which he has, perhaps, the greatest share of merit, but only this because his opportunities and means of gathering materials are more frequent. The poet gives society so many charms, that he is almost worthy to be regarded as a sort of earthly god; and society is much indebted to the charms of poetry for its refining influence on the mind, where it is freely introduced either in quotation, song, or occasional recitation; for those who cannot sing, can often give a rich and musical delivery of the images a poet writes, and bring them present to the view by only dint of action, emphasis, and oratoric cadences.

I recommend the introduction of poetry, and recitation; for poetry is not an idle thing, but an art that refines and beautifies the nobler passions of the soul. It consecrates and hallows every spot that it portrays or dwells upon, and gives an immortality to sentiment and feeling. It trims the tomb, gilds fame, and glorifies heroic deeds; incites to emulation, portrays fair virtue in its most alluring forms, refines the mind that loves to read its numbers; it gives an elegance and taste to every thing that comes within its sphere; thus it illumines and chastens both the surface and the interior. Then scorn not poetry, even though it treat of things unworthy of your notice, until they are made more so by its sweet refining influence.

Sweet pöesy can charm the soul until it gives sublimity and beauty to a scene, that otherwise would seem too rugged to admit of any thought but how deformed it

was, or any interest in its barrenness, yet sweet adorning poesy can clothe it with a something to admire; a charm arises out of almost nothing, if it but receive one master-touch from an ideal pen, that plants an image there for the imagination to exist upon and revel in. I would not lose my power to express my thoughts in happy, light poetic measures, for anything this world could give me in exchange; preferring this one endowment from the hand of God, to all this world can give, for it is unequalled in its tendency to check all bitter feelings at the world's injustice, its ingratitude, and wrongs; it is beyond all price in teaching the fond heart to give its love to God, regardless of the scorn, invective, and abuse that mankind hurls at it. It soars aloft, and seeks redress in the enjoyment that itself imparts.

Therefore I recommend both reading and reciting of sweet poesy; but it is necessary so to choose the subject that it shall as near as possible approach the tone of mind of the society in which it is introduced, or have the tendency to lead them imperceptibly to catch its spirit, and expatiate and carry out its images and thoughts beyond the limits of the poem, and if possible improve upon them.

I would recommend the same attention to the tone of mind of those assembled, in every argument or subject of discourse that is brought forward in society. In order to render a social evening pleasant, it is absolutely necessary that the host or hostess should commence the conversation with some few observations calculated to

elicit the tone of mind of those present, or such as will give a tone and character to their thoughts, leading them imperceptibly on.

It would be very absurd to aim at drollery among persons whose spirits were depressed by affliction, and sadly indicative of want of proper feeling, or any sacrifice of self for the sake of neighbour love; then let them rather try to lead such minds, by gentle, soothing converse, to look above, believing that some wise design is working out its given course, in which their affliction is a necessary ingredient to render the work perfect, and for which, if borne with uncomplaining fortitude, a rich reward will be prepared for them to enjoy hereafter, if they add faith and strict obedience to the laws of God unto their fortitude.

It would be equally absurd, on entering a society where mirthful jollity and merry pranks were the prevailing enjoyments of the assembly, to enter, without a preface or a proper introduction, on religious subjects, without considering whether the persons addressed had enjoyed any previous culture, or had within their minds a soil that could fructify the seed that you so carelessly cast into it, without any previous tilling, harrowing, or moistening with the fountains that flow from the springs of faith, fair scriptural promise, and salvation.

Such carelessness on the part of clergymen, who visit their flock too seldom to know anything of their character, has often been the cause of throwing ridicule upon religion. When a few lively but innocent sallies

in conversation, and a gradual dispersion of the thoughts or movements in which the persons addressed were previously engaged, would have prepared the mind for the reception of the more serious tone that they wished to infuse, and would have had a much better effect than a sudden burst of religion on their senses, before they had collected them sufficiently to understand the meaning of the words addressed to them, in such full contradiction of their previous thoughts and feelings.

I was once very pleasingly impressed with the conduct of the Rev. Haldane Stewart, D.D., under whose ministry I sat, before the period of my spinal hurt; and who, in the early part of my seclusion, as I resided in his neighbourhood, visited me frequently. He one day called upon me, when I was surrounded by my merry juvenile companions, some older, some younger than myself; I was shewing them some embroidered fortune-telling cards, and ornamental things, with flowers worked on them with the needle. He asked what made us look so smiling and pleasant, and listened patiently to our explanation of the cards, which I told him were a satire on the silly cheat of fortune-telling; he pronounced them an innocent enjoyment, and to shew that he thought so, he had his fortune told, laughing as merrily at his own foretold mishaps as we did.

He examined the embroidered flowers, and then he led us to observe the difference between these and some real ones of God's creation, expatiating on the perfection of the latter, and the errors of the former; though, as

he said, so beautiful to look upon to our imperfect vision, rendered so by sin, which sometimes, imperceptibly, crept into all that we could think, or do, or say, or see; and thus, he insensibly led us on to ponder the works of God, contrasted with the feeble efforts of mankind, until our hearts and minds were softened and moulded for the reception of the beautiful prayer that he uttered kneeling beside my couch, surrounded by the kneeling forms of those, whose merry, thoughtless jokes he had thus judiciously dispersed.

Would that our clergymen in general would do the same; they would then have less reason to complain and condemn the young for mispent time; and could they have listened to the rich deep tone of devotional feeling imparted to the hearts and minds of the young beings with whom this good man had been conversing, and which exhibited itself in their conversation when he was gone, it would have taught them a lesson and an example, worthy of their emulation to copy and spread abroad.

It is impossible for any teacher to sow seed productively, however zealous he may be for the improvement of those whom he designs to instruct, unless he lays a good foundation for it to rest upon, and tills the soil; then, throwing seed after seed, and judiciously planting smaller things around the lofty trees, that they may have a trunk to prop and rest their weakness on, and shield them from the blasts that would uproot them were they not so sheltered. And lofty trees are little worth

admiring, unless their barren bases are adorned and shadowed over by some smaller ones, which help the aspiring student while he climbs to the higher branches of the lofty trees.

Or, in other words, lofty minded endowments are hard to be infused, and seldom understood, unless the lofty mind unbends itself, and helps inferior ones to mount by easy explanations of its own superior learning; and seldom do the lofty minded gain an easy welcome, unless they mingle minor studies, that please the taste, refine the manners, and indulge the love of versatility and change, which so prevails among the fickle beings of this changeful world. And it is only by mingling the minor interests of life with the superior and majestic, and consolidating the whole, that anything like stability or lasting strength can be hoped for or obtained.

SECTION III.

P O E M S ,

CONTAINING INSTRUCTIONS FOR CHILDREN AND YOUNG PERSONS.

Preface.

THIS Third Section of my Poetical Works contains a series of small pieces, originally designed for the instruction of my nephews and nieces, or written at the request of friends for the benefit of their children. In some instances they were written under the influence of deep personal affliction, my feelings under which are fully portrayed in the writings themselves. These are the Orphan's Prayer, the Friendless Child's Prayer, and the Child's Dream.

The Authoress expects not that the world will esteem them either for learning or poetic imagery, but she hopes they will be valued for their truth, morality, and justice, and trusts that their purity of sentiment may be infused into those young minds that read them, and settle there, to form a pedestal on which good deeds may elevate

themselves, and shine to light the world into the same pure paths of pleasantness ; for noble deeds, combined with pure Religion, form a flowery path, in which fair woman always should appear, and show her light, as a beacon to others, to guide them through the shoals and quicksands that impede them, near the entrance to its streams of bliss and flower-bedimpled meadows. Here should fair Virtue lend a helping hand, and bland Benevolence accompany her ; a sweet succession of pure feasts will constantly surround them, and support their spirits under every check, which, as stumbling blocks, their less worthy fellow strugglers in the path of worldly life may throw into their way. Each will stretch out her hand to help the other, or to stay the tottering feet until they regain their strength and eminence.

Some of the pieces, being written when a girl, may savour somewhat of the childish feelings that possessed me then ; but if in travelling their course upon the road of fame, they should infuse but one pure sentiment into the mind of each fair reader that peruses them, the authoress will then have done her duty, and she will prepare for future efforts. Relying on the mercy and discernment of the public, to take them into favour for their purity of motive, she subscribes herself,

Their humble servant,

ELIZA CORF.

A Morning Hymn.

TUNE — Morning Hymn.

ARISE, ye mortals, loudly sing
Meet praises unto God, our King ;
Give early thanks for sweet repose,
Which did in peace our eyelids close.

When we laid down our weary head
God's presence could disperse our dread ;
For this come let us gladly sing
Loud praises to our Heavenly King.

And when we bless him for sweet sleep,
Oh ! let us all in memory keep
That his dear Son hath ransom given
To take us sinners up to heaven.

May we throughout the day walk in
The fear of God, nor dare to sin ;
Though nature 's prone all sin to share,
We may resistance make by prayer.

By prayer we may obtain God's grace,
 By Jesus' ransom see his face,
 And by our earnest faith we win
 Christ's intercession for our sin.

Come, haste ye, mortals, loudly praise
 The Intercessor, who would raise
 You to the skies; begin the day
 By praising God in all ye say.

Give thanks to God with all your might,
 For power to praise him day and night;
 Sing unto him like heaven's host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

An Evening Hymn.

TUNE — Evening Hymn.

GLORY to thee, thou God of love,
 For every joy sent from above;
 Oh! teach us nightly praise to give,
 And teach us, Lord, the way to live

We bless thee for the light thou gave,
 For promise that pure faith shall save ;
 Now night draws on, be it thy will
 To overlook thy children still.

May angels watch o'er our repose,
 That, when our weary eyes we close,
 We may sink into rest, nor fear
 That thou wilt guard us—thou art near.

But let us give meet praise to thee,
 Before we dare to hope to be
 The subjects of thy watchful care,
 Or hope for answer to our prayer.

And when repose has lulled our pain,
 And we prepare to rise again,
 Oh may we then our voices raise
 To thee in joyous songs of praise.

May all mankind, with one glad shout,
 Sing praise to thee this world throughout ;
 May every heart be glad, and sing
 To God our Father, and our King.

Praise God, who doth all blessings give,
 Praise him, all creatures that do live,
 Join in the song of heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

A Walk

IN THE GARDEN AND FIELD.

Come, children, and walk to the garden and field,
For therein is a lesson to learn ;
In all the productions of nature they yield,
We may some lovely precept discern.

Behold the sweet half-blown and beauteous rose,
Richly glowing in youth's brightest bloom ;
Its transient life a warning doth disclose,
One day more and you will read its doom.

Its scattered leaves the wild winds dash abroad ;
Those fallen beauties they now toss on high ;
Our own forms, like the frail flowers we applaud,
At first must bud, then blossom, bloom, and die.

Behold yon gardener prune those fruitful trees,
And pluck up weeds that choke the growth of flowers ;
Then learn by him, and those laborious bees,
To pause not, but improve the fleeting hours.

Behold the meek primrose, and lily so chaste,
 Modest attired, unsullied in hue ;
 May ye be as spotless in virtue and taste,
 Pure and sweet as the violet blue.

Behold the rich crop that the wheat-field displays,
 God hath caused it to rise for our good ;
 The sown seed in springing God's mandate obeys,
 Man's industry alone makes it food.

Now the ears are full ripe, those reapers must toil,
 To shear and carry away the corn ;
 How briskly they work, lest the lowering sky spoil
 All their labour, by storms, ere the morn.

You see that industry alone can secure
 The rich harvest our Maker supplies ;
 For he bade man, by sweat of his brow, procure,
 And take care of the crops that arise.

We need to make hay while the sun brightly shines,
 For our toil 't is unwise to delay ;
 When the scythe has cut down the earth's springing
 mines,
 Coming rain the mown crop will decay.

Thus you see 't is unwise to put off our toil,
 For to-morrow doth never appear ;
 Oft, if we delay, our intentions we foil :
 To-day 's the best day in the year.

Look, that shy little bird conveys in its bill
 Yonder worm to its gaping young brood ;
 Oh may its example then teach you to fill
 All your helpless dependents with food.

Observe, the bird 's flown to that evergreen bower ;
 Look beneath, and its nest you will see ;
 And to think it was wrought by such tiny power,
 Should infuse perseverance in ye.

We see what the bill of a bird can attain,
 By a steady adherence to toil ;
 The best of all lessons from songsters we gain,
 Is from one which doth build in the soil.

The sweet lark soars from earth at dawning of morn,
 And warbles to God a song of praise ;
 May love of God's worship, your hearts thus adorn ;
 May you like the lark begin your days.

The first song of morn tune to Him who can save,
 And aid us to climb to realms above ;
 A ransom for sinners his dear Son he gave,
 Children, give praise to the God of love.

The Twin Skylarks.

I SAW two larks ascending high,
Their palpitating notes thrilled loud ;
Equal they soared, and reached the sky ;
I lost them in the azure cloud.

Like twins they darted from the sod,
Their notes in twin-like measure rang ;
Both chaunted merrily to God,
Alike they quavered, soared, and sang.

Sure they are sister birds, said I,
Born and attired in the same hour ;
In unison they soar on high,
And equally exert their power.

When sunshine tips the rosy morn,
Their matin lays together rise,
They each the breath of eve adorn,
By chanting vespers near the skies.

When lowering clouds deform the sky,
 They nestle 'neath each other's wings;
 When western sun illumines on high,
 United melody upsprings.

The sisters bear it to the skies,
 With even measure pour it in;
 And the rich carols that arise
 Should teach earth's sisters how to win,

By unison in praise, the power
 To soar to loftiest domes,
 To dwell in peace through every hour,
 Sharing alike heart's thoughts and homes.

Confiding in each other's love,
 To share and feel each other's cares,
 Ready alike to kneel, and prove
 A partner in each other's prayers.

And, like the larks, their matins sing
 In unison and sister love;
 At even make heaven's welkin ring,
 And waft their twin-like souls above.

Ah, thus should sisters ever feel,
 Ready to share alike, and go
 In love to lend a hand to heal,
 Or soothe, each earth-born sister's woe,

Esteeming every mortal born
 A link of one unerring chain,
 Of equal use, or to adorn,
 Created some wise end to gain.

A sister, neighbour, friend to all,
 Obey, in faith, the God of love ;
 Till in the silent tomb ye fall,
 Thence, like the larks, to soar above,

And meet each other in the skies,
 To share again each other's joy,
 And welcome each new spirit's rise
 To the same peace without alloy.

An everlasting blissful home
 To those who die in faith and love ;
 Children are suffered there to come,
 For of such is the kingdom above.

Sampler Hymns.

Written at the request of a Lady, for the use of her School.

HYMN I.

THOU, God, direct my youthful mind,
Teach me thy will to do ;
For while through sin so weak and blind,
Heaven seems beyond my view.

But Thou canst make e'en children come
Unto their Saviour's feet ;
That lamb who died to take us home,
And pardon doth entreat

For those who seek thy grace to win,
Confiding in thy love ;
Whose faith will cleanse their souls from sin,
And take them up above,

To realms where Jesus sits enthroned,
Prepared to plead and save ;
His precious ransom has atoned,
And it illumines the grave.

HYMN II.

DEAR children, come unto the Lord,
 Full tribute pay with one accord,
 Lift up your voice, and loudly sing
 Glad praises unto God your King!
 For he can make you wise and good,
 'T is he alone provides your food;
 Each good you have descends on you
 From the same source, like healing dew.
 And thankfulness should dwell within,
 To keep your hearts and minds from sin.
 'T is he consoles you with sweet sleep;
 He 'll teach you for your sins to weep;
 He 'll lead you into brighter ways;
 He hears and sees the heart that prays.
 By his redeeming grace alone
 Can Jesus unto you be known;
 True faith in him your souls will save,
 And smooth your passage to the grave,
 Take from the shaft of death its sting,
 And waft your soul, on downy wing,
 To home of everlasting bliss:
 Jesus died on the cross for this.
 Then raise your voice, and loudly sing
 Glad tidings of this loving king;
 Let every soul his standard rear,
 And spread it forth throughout the sphere.

HYMN III.

Who made the sun, with its ripening heat,
 And o'erlooks the world from heaven's seat?
 Who gave to mortals the mind to use
 The glorious gifts his hands diffuse?

God.

Who made the moon, with its silver light,
 And the twinkling stars which shine so bright?
 Who made the blue etherial sky,
 And the warbling lark that soars so high?

God.

Who made the ocean, and wild cascade;
 By whom was the lofty mountain made?
 Who made each creature ordained for man
 To feed upon, since the world began?

God.

Who made the soft, cooling zephyr breeze,
 And the sweet songsters amid the trees?
 Who made the primrose, the harebell blue,
 Each flower of various shape and hue?

God.

Who made the landscape, and flowery meads,
 And formed man, that all his works exceeds;
 Infusing within a heavenly light,
 To teach him that virtue's path is bright?

God.

Who gave to the seasons power to yield
 The varied crops of garden and field?
 Who taught the immortal soul to fly,
 When bid by him, to the realms on high?
God.

Who made a heaven of eternal peace,
 Where the faithful dwell when earth shall cease?
 Who taught us how the race may be won
 E'er our earthly pilgrimage is done?
God.

Who planted landmarks, by which we see
 The path to run, the dangers to flee;
 Gave shining beacons of heaven's light,
 In his own dear Son's example bright?
God.

Who gave to mortals the power to win
 A soul renewed, unfettered by sin,
 And, best of all gifts, his only Son,
 To ransom a world by sin o'erthrown?
Our gracious God

The Orphan's Prayer.

THOU, God, have mercy on my orphan state,
Assist me to escape this world's rude cares,
Uphold me with thy hand, direct my fate ;
Oh listen to a helpless orphan's prayers !

Bereaved of those who taught my infant heart
To lisp thy praise, and dread the power of sin,
Who now in this rude world will take their part,
And teach my youthful mind thy love to win ?

Unto my God alone can I appeal,
To keep me stedfast in the path of truth ;
Do thou, O God, unto my heart reveal
A law to check the sliding steps of youth.

Oh shield me from this world's unceasing strife,
And give me resignation to endure
With fortitude the chequered ills of life,
And make me upright, innocent, and pure.

By purity alone can children gain
 Full peace on earth, or resting-place above ;
 Teach me, by faith in Jesus, to obtain
 A holy passport to the God of love.

Assist my young and unsuspecting mind
 To treasure only words which lead to truth ;
 Teach me the path that leads to thee to find :
 Oh pardon thou the follies of my youth.

And may I ever with glad heart come forth
 To worship thee, and hear thy holy word ;
 Teach me to love, to fear, to shun thy wrath ;
 A heavenly light unto my mind afford.

If 't is thy will that I should long remain
 A weary wanderer in this vale below,
 Then may I 'mong the good my stand maintain,
 And stretch the hand to heal another's woe.

For has not our Redeemer taught us how
 To heal the sick, and clothe the naked poor ;
 To feed the hungry souls, that meekly bow,
 And humbly plead their sorrows at our door ?

Oh teach my heart to feel that I am bound
 To take a brother's or a sister's part ;
 And may I ever listen to the sound
 Of sorrow with a sympathetic heart.

And, O thou God of love, do thou renew
 My soul, and make me fit to dwell above,
 Nor dread encounter of the last review,
 Which will award me death, or life and love.

The Child's Dream.

Written on seeing a Mother reclining over the sleeping form of a
 lovely babe.

DREAM on, sweet babe, in slumbers soft,
 While balmy dews thy lips distil,
 And smiling seraphs soar aloft
 To guard thy fragile frame from ill.

A mother's tender sigh is breathed,
 As o'er thy head she fond inclines,
 And on thy infant brow are wreathed
 The laurels partial hope entwines.

Dream on, dream on, the present scene
 For thee has nought of care and pain ;
 When rolling years shall intervene
 Thy childhood's dream is sought in vain

For ever lost, 'mid scenes of strife,
Vieissitudes of various forms,
Among the troubled waves of life,
Chequered with smiles and storms.

Oh may the innocence that now
Enshrouds thy infant form with peace,
In manhood deck thy spacious brow,
Thy virtue every hour increase,

And lead thee in the paths of light
Until eternity shall come,
To close thy heavenward visions bright
In one pure, everlasting home,

Where vice ne'er comes, and virtue reigns,
And love and charity shall heal,
Redemption wipe out all thy stains,
And tender mercy pardon seal

The Friendless Child's Prayer.

WITHOUT a parent, home, or friend,
Who will sustain the helpless child?
'T is God will to my prayer attend,
For he is loving, meek, and mild.

But how can one so weak as I
Preserve myself from this world's snares?
Unto my God I will apply,
Listen, O God, unto my prayers!

For thou canst lead me in the way
Which will obtain a resting-place;
Permit my works throughout the day
To draw me nearer to thy face.

Bereaved of those who taught me how
To render unto thee due praise,
Ah, who shall bid me praise thee now,
And follow none but virtue's ways?

By worldly minds surrounded now,
 On whom I have no claim, no tie,
 Thou God alone shalt teach me how
 To cherish life, nor fear to die.

To thee alone I plead for aid,
 And thou alone shalt hear my sigh ;
 When troubled, I shall be repaid,^e
 If I can feel that thou art nigh.

For who but Thou can ease the pain
 That friendless youth is prone to feel,
 The sad and wounded heart sustain,
 The poisoned stab of proudlings heal ?

Permit that I comport me so,
 That none will envy or deride ;
 Or teach me to avert the blow
 By kindly acts, remote from pride.

At peace with mortals let me be,
 And, while on earth, enjoy their love ;
 But when prepared to dwell with thee,
 Then quickly take me up above.

Stanzas,

ADDRESSED TO A COMPLAINING YOUNG LADY,

ON CONTENTMENT.

If young ladies would wish to be cheerful and wise,
Sweet contentment's the lesson I give them to learn;
From contentment, luxuriant pleasures arise,
'T is a temper of mind we should all try to earn.

We may learn it, by looking around upon those
Who, less favoured than we, give us sorrows to feel;
We diminish our own, if another's deep woes
We compare with our own, and would willingly heal.

For in healing another's, a sensitive mind
Receives the sweet balm which benevolence conveys;
But, more pleasing than all, by the scriptures we find,
'T is a virtue which Jesus' injunction obeys.

If our sorrows are such as are hard to be borne,
Then how much more effulgent the effort of mind,
Which can make us esteem it unholy to mourn,
Or be ever but unto the Lord's will resigned.

Tranquil joys and sorrows alike are presented,
 And a will to make choice has been given to us all :
 May we be, by virtue's bright precepts, prevented
 From choosing those pleasures which appetite pall.

Allurements of vice, though so pleasingly gilded,
 Will for ever be shunned by a virtuous mind :
 When we, unresisting, to Satan have yielded,
 Resistless remorse in our conscience shall find.

Then determine more wisely to shun all those joys
 Which prudence and purity think sinful pleasure,
 And believe that a heavenly power upbuys
 All those, who of virtue and truth make their treasure.

'T was religion gave birth to the power that upbuys
 All those who confide in their Saviour and Lord ;
 Thus confiding, they purchase the eternal joys
 Which devotion's and virtue's rich essence afford.

Righteous feelings are mixed with contentment and peace,
 'T is a mixture that 's cheerful, transcendent, and gay ;
 Its influence the gloom of our hearts will decrease,
 The bright views it reveals will our sorrows repay.

While religion 's the beacon, and heaven the goal,
 To which we presumptuously dare to look up ;
 Not sweet pleasures and joys will alone touch the soul,
 Disappointment and grief, we must drink of your cup.

If the place you inhabit is not to your mind,
 Think how many are doomed to a mansion more drear;
 Then suppose some poor desolate creature confined,
 Where the sight of your own despised mansion would cheer.

Or prepare to inhabit the regions above,
 For this region below is enveloped in snares;
 The Almighty will aid true believers, who love
 The Redeemer, who made them of heaven the heirs.

He will aid them to soar up above, near his throne,
 If they cast from their hearts the wild joys of this world;
 He will unto them revelation make known,
 To escape the abyss to which sinners are hurled.

Illumed by heaven's light, to enjoy unmixed peace,
 Possessed by all angels who dwell in his sphere;
 We are told 't is a happiness nought can deerease,
 That unchanging it rolls on through every year.

Can they look on the gulf, which divides them from those
 Who are weeping, and wailing, and gnashing their teeth?
 Will their hearts, made so perfect, no pity disclose
 For the victims who sulphurous fire writhe beneath?

Should I ever be chosen to dwell in God's sphere,
 I would willingly feel such a transient woe;
 Thou great God, me permit to shed pity's bright tear
 For the wretches who shriek under torture below.

Yet we must not presume to his will to dictate,
 But un murmuring fulfil the decrees of the Lord ;
 And remain till his wisdom deems fit to translate
 Us to heaven, to sing praises with one accord,

With the angels, and saints that surround his bright throne ;
 May we both mingle with them when he shall decree
 That the animate essence within he hath sown,
 Shall discard its frail flesh, may our souls thither flee.

There to sing hallelujahs to God and the Lamb,
 Thanksgiving and praises for evermore sing ;
 May you be preparing to haste there, I am,
 And when we expire may our souls upward wing.

May we be prepared his dread judgment to meet,
 May our souls be renewed by the light of the Lord ;
 May they echo the sounds, when his angels shall greet,
 And usher us 'fore the great One they 've adored.

And may his mighty presence dispel all our dread,
 Remove from our hearts all the dross of this earth,
 Every feeling less pure than the heaven we tread
 Subside in the hour of eternity's birth.

To thee, my young friend, I would fondly impart
 Contentment, and heaven-born peace for thy soul ;
 The feelings which treasure my own soul and heart,
 And bless the all-seeing divine for the whole.

Content to abide in this rude world of woe,
 Nor murmur that all we desire is not given ;
 So many bright blessings pour on us below,
 We should all feel resigned to the dictates of heaven.

Stanzas,

Addressed to my cousin William, on his intended departure to India.
 His mother having implored me to use my influence to detain him
 at home, I presented this Poem, which had the desired effect.

IN search of wealth, in youth's full bloom,
 Young William leaves his native isle,
 Regardless of his future doom,
 Or grief of anxious friends the while,

Who oft him seek in vain to turn
 From purpose fixed within his heart,
 Whose minds with fearful anguish burn,
 To think they 're doomed from him to part.

Can he then love the wealth he 'd seek,
 Can riches compensate for woe ?
 So evanescent, frail, and weak,
 Can he for them dear home forego ?

Has long felt friendship lost its charm,
 That he should wish from it to roam ;
 Can nought his stubborn heart alarm,
 And make him dread to quit his home ?

Can he behold his mother's grief,
 And not relinquish his desire ;
 Can he forbear to give relief,
 Think through deep woe she may expire ?

When he may read the death of friends,
 What thrilling woe will rend his heart,
 Can Eastern baubles make amends
 For such a keen, unnerving smart ?

Will he, by hearts and hands that love
 To minister unto his ease,
 Be once surrounded, when he 'll rove ?
 No, no ; such comforts then must cease.

Would aught consume his grief away,
 Should he return, and find all gone
 That ever cheered a former day —
 Dear relatives and home all flown ?

Why should he go to foreign clime,
 Has native land no charm, no beauty ?
 If not, that mind is most sublime
 Which yields its will to filial duty.

What will he yield, should he remain ?
 Nought but a thirst for wondrous scene,
 Uncertain riches to obtain,
 And all the toils that intervene.

What is the fruit of enterprise ?
 Dangers, toils, and disappointment :
 Much better prospects may arise,
 If he seek a home appointment.

But, should it be his heart's fixed bent
 To roam abroad, it is in vain
 To strive to alter his intent ;
 How needless thus to give him pain.

If he should leave his northern home,
 Though the East for him has great attractions,
 Compelled o'er foreign land to roam,
 He 'll oft regret dear home's affections.

He 'll think of friends from whom he 's parted,
 Recall to mind each winning smile,
 From dimpled cheeks and bright eyes darted,
 Reminiscences in thought he 'll pile.

He may, perhaps, 'neath the mangrove's shade,
 Sink down and die unsoothed, unaided ;
 Not here for this world's cares repaid,
 But ta'en from toils to joys unfaded.

Where, then, the home, his thoughts to which
 In absence seldom cease to wander?
 Perchance they took a higher pitch,
 With soul were fixed most high up yonder.

There let him rest, surrounded by
 Glories of the Almighty's throne,
 While friends, in songs of praise reply,
 " 'T is God's blessed will, we cease to moan."

We cease to mourn, confiding in
 The better home which he enjoys;
 A hope of once residing in
 That better home our grief alloys.

Oh may they there again him meet,
 Again his fond loved face behold,
 In glory seated at His feet,
 For ever taken to His fold.

There, having gained our Father's mansion,
 It will their toils and griefs repay;
 There soaring, at full wing's expansion,
 To enjoy an everlasting day.

SECTION IV.

SPORTIVE PIECES.

Dedication.

THIS last section of my second volume I take the liberty of dedicating to the MERRY BOYS and GIRLS of MERRY OLD ENGLAND; sincerely hoping, that while they peruse them for the gratification of their risible muscles, they will, at the same time, imbibe the moral sentiments that I have endeavoured to scatter through them; and accept my dedication as a token that I shall always feel happy when promoting their pleasure, or improving their minds.

Paired not Matched.

The following piece is one, in which faithful delineation of character is more studied than elegance of verse, and amusement more than the edification of my readers, except in occasional touches of moral reasoning and good advice, which I have endeavoured to scatter over it as much as possible.

INTRODUCTION.

IN a faithful narrative of such scenes as are therein described, refinement must fall into the shade, and can only partially be compensated by the diversion they afford. I disregard my fame, while stooping to contribute so much to merriment alone. All of the matrimonial *têtes à têtes* and comicalities related, are *fac similes* of those which I have heard and seen, they having transpired in my presence. I have gained the power of describing them, by always walking with my

eyes open, and by taking reason, observation, and perhaps a touch of penetration, for my guides.

I was myself the unfortunate Miss Observation, in the bold potato fight, and likewise claim the titles of Miss Moraliser, and Miss Declamation, frequently having had occasion to cultivate these talents, and dispense them to my neighbours.

It is devoutly to be wished, that Mammas would study less to provide eligible establishments for their daughters, than to render them good wives. I do not mean good wives, in the common acceptation of the term, to cook and coddle, stitch and scrub, and eternally darn stockings the second year, that were purchased the first for one shilling and sixpence, more or less. But, as all wise men, I think, would accept the term, good wife should mean, that religion, moral rectitude, and honest principles should direct and govern all her actions, and check her proneness to folly and frailty. Next, that she should be able either to enter a drawing room gracefully, or make herself useful in the kitchen, store-room, garden, or at the dining table, alike able in these to cope either with the operative or the directive department.

She should disdain nothing but disgrace or sin, and never feel ashamed to be seen while occupied in the performance of any real duty. The friendship that could be sold for it is not worth keeping. Any duty that necessity or circumstance demands, should be performed not only gracefully, but with unstudied cheerfulness.

Give me the woman that can conform to her circumstances, whatever they may chance to be, and still retain her peace of mind. What man so foolish, that he will not own himself too blessed in the possession of a wife so virtuous and wise.

I am sorry to say, that the poem to which this is introductory is not a fiction, for all the characters are real; but I have carefully suppressed real names, and give such as fully express the character and its opposite, in order to shorten the piece, which is much longer than I wished it to be.

Of all strife, matrimonial strife is the most puerile, ridiculous, unwise, and unprofitable, and if carried on in the presence of a third person, invariably forfeits respect, esteem, or acquaintance, if that person be sensible or refined, and does more injury to the cause of honest matrimony than any other discouragement. The affrighted bachelor expects the same from the daughter, that he sees the mother exhibit so profusely, unconscious of the injury that she does.

If the contract were only for a year, or could be snapped asunder at any time, then there might be some sense in quarrelling; but when it is for life, it is worse than folly to contend, and only despoils life of its choicest blessings, by robbing it of peace and unity. It takes the sunshine from the house, by removing its smiles; makes a constant night, by clouding the face with frowns; and robs the mind of ease, depressing all its energies; so that the pleasant thoughts which otherwise

would spring up are withered in the bud; a gangrene poisons them before they come into the world; and no advance can possibly be made to gain a single stepping stone for the heart to climb up to heaven, and there obtain eternal peace.

The peace which passeth all understanding is frightened from the spot, because it spies out Satan in the corner, ready to creep out whenever he can spy an opportunity, to whisper in the ear of either of the belligerent fools, that rob themselves of heaven by wrangling on earth, and make that which should be life's *bon bon*, or an everflowing stream of joy, a stream impregnated with wormwood, or a tainted morsel. Such is matrimony—the former when congenial, the latter when ill chosen.

How pitiful it is, that tender youth should learn a lesson of deceit and falsehood for the sake of sordid gain. Can money give congenial taste or moral feeling? If not permitted to enjoy the talent and to use it well, where is the use of having it; and where the benefits to be obtained by its possession? If money must trammel us with pride and state, it crushes liberty of soul and freedom, and thus lops off the fruitful portion of the tree. A moderate fortune, with economy and prudence, free from meanness, and with the power and will to use that fortune, whenever you may see an advantage in doing so, is a better inheritance by far; and every reasoning and reasonable soul would rather thus enjoy a little, than have great possessions but to bury them. They can do

more good with little means, than sordid hoarders do with triple the amount.

When intending to choose a partner for life, the temper of each should be attentively studied by both, for next to religion, the temper entirely governs happiness; indeed, I may almost say independently of it, for I have known many pious persons who were very passionate; they would do much to compensate for the injustice or violence of their conduct, while their reason was subdued, but yet, their temper was so irritable, that every thing approaching to what their minds esteemed an insult, contradiction, immorality, or want of principle, excited them to fury; and thus their own happiness was embittered, and that of those around them.

A little reflection, a compromise, an equal division of privileges among near connexions, and giving an explanation of motive and conduct before the quarrel commences, instead of when it ends, would check the contest, perhaps entirely swallow it, or cast it under foot, where they might trample on the fiend, and crush it out of life for ever.

How happy they who choose whom they can love, resembling each other in their religion, mind, morals, and taste; yet not too strong in their resemblance, but such, that a sprinkling of contrast may be seen in their general style and contour. Wealth in these may be disregarded; if either has sufficient for both, they surely need not sacrifice their happiness to gain it. I would not recommend to any one to choose

disparity in rank or station, for all may find congenial tastes and minds in their own sphere. Disparities of any kind produce so many evils, and contain so many in themselves, that few can escape unhappiness, as the natural consequence, that are led into such a choice, whether the disparity be rank, age, or character. Yet, though people see this everywhere, they cannot be persuaded to believe the evidence of their own eyes and senses, until they try the experiment—vainly hoping to become the one grand exception to the general rule—and pay for their experience with misery.

Disparity in fortune is little felt, if the riches be on the man's side. If he has a generous spirit, and the wife a grateful one, the matrimonial cup is sweetened by it. No woman is degraded by being handsomely supported by her husband; it is his duty to maintain her to the very best of his ability; both law and nature enforce the claim, and on the bridal day he yields possession of himself, and half his rank and fortune, whatever it may be. The woman gives herself, and fortune wholly, which is often more than doubled by the half of his. Should it be otherwise, and the fortune all the woman's, the man degrades himself, reverses order, law, and nature, by placing over himself a head, sometimes to rule him with a rod of iron; instead of taking a loving, fond dependent, to look to him for guidance and protection, thereby creating his own happiness, by having a faithful one to cherish.

It is as great folly, as meanness, for any one to look for fortune only in a wife, particularly if he be poor; on discovering his motive, she naturally feels contempt for him. It is much better to choose one that would help him to become rich, by mutually putting her hand to the wheel, and evenly economising the little that he has.

I have often felt great pity for those parents who are constantly interfering to wreck their children's happiness; declaring that they do it for their good, yet regarding only worldly possessions in their choice of husbands for their daughters, instead of endeavouring to cultivate their minds in such a way, as to render them capable of choosing for themselves; and, not only that, but of choosing both with regard to spiritual and temporal things. Such men only should be allowed to visit freely and frequently at their house, whose characters would not call for their interference to prevent an union with their daughters. Let them be left to wander free and unrestrained, and choose the one they like the best, out of those that offer; the parents standing by to view the game, and give a friendly hint sometimes.

From this system alone can happy unions result. The heart's feelings cannot always be directed into the course that parents choose. They forget that compelling their children to marry one, while the affections are fixed on another, is to demand adultery, and insist upon it; for, though the personal purity may be main-

tained, they unavoidably commit an adultery of the mind. Such parents have to answer for their sins, or, at least, ought to feel more unhappy than their insulted, sacrificed children. They should reflect, that this life not half the course they have to run, and that, by is undue interference, they may rob them of a guide, to take them to a safer haven, and thereby shipwreck both the soul and body.

PAIRED, NOT MATCHED.

Containing the lamentations of ill-contrasted couples, comprising sketches of the Orderly Wife, Cleanly Wife, Coaxing Wife, Teasing Wife, Termagant Wife, Nervous Wife, Congenial Wife, Well-contrasted Wife, Confiding Wife, Fashionable Wife, Good-humoured Wife, Giggling Wife, Good-natured Wife, Scolding Wife, Fulsome Wife, Loving Wife, Stitching Wife, Sneering Wife, Stupid Wife, Moneyed Wife, Fidgetty Wife, Coddling Wife, Witty Wife, Proud Wife, Extravagant Wife, Gadding Wife, Timid Wife, and Cooking Wife, all married to their opposites in nature, envying the congenial happy pairs, and depreciating or suspecting their happiness not to be real.—Miss Declamation, Miss Moraliser, Miss Decision, Miss Observation, and Miss Tattler are introduced; the whole concluding with an exhortation to Love-ye-hers and lovelorn Ladies.

A TROOP of ill-contrasted pairs
 Assembled once to chat,
 All thought some misery was theirs;
 They sighed, and down they sat.

A lady stiff and starched and prim
 The first began to prose,
 Oh that I ne'er had married him,
 He tumbles so his clothes.

Untidy, and impatient too,
 Is my dear Mister Sharp;
 He cares for neither old or new,
 Nay, he upsets my harp.

I ask him fifty times a day
 To put things in straight lines.—
 The husband here cries, Silence, May,
 And shews impatient signs.

Sudden he rose, this tore her gown,
 She almost shrieked at him —
 Would we had ne'er each other known,
 And my name still May Prim.

Said Mister Sharp, 'T is easy, ma'am,
 To get it back again :
 As sure as here I live and am,
 You toy with other men.

You 'll drive me mad with rage, said she,
 I 'm faithful to you yet.
 Well, well, excuse me, love, said he,
 I said it in a pet.

Oh you need little to complain,
 Said now the cleanly wife,
 In the clean home that I maintain
 I 've nought but care and strife.

For people come with dirty shoes,
 Make marks upon my stairs,
 And if I speak, Smut will abuse :
 They shall come, he declares.

He values neither goods nor clothes,
 A filthy man he is ;
 If I had known it, nay, God knows,
 I ne'er should have been his.

The coaxing wife gets up a scene,
 She wants to have a trip ;
 The husband, Snubb, says he 's not green,
 She need not pout her lip.

I do not pout, my darling love,
 But, sure, you won't refuse?
 Now, let me go? do, that 's a love.
 Nay, madam, you 'll excuse.

God keep me from a gadding wife,
 I cannot spare the cash.
 I don't want much, my love, my life,
 I shall not cut a dash.

No ; I 'll take care of that, my love,
 You lose your trip this year.
 When I was Miss Cajole, my dove,
 You dared not thus to sneer.

I wish you had the name again,
 To cheat some other man ;
 My wedded life has been a train
 Of woes since it began.

I only want a trip, you see,
 It would not cost you much.
 On that event we can't agree.
 One shilling you don't touch.

Is this the life that we must lead ?
 Dear love, do try to change ;
 Or I shall envy much, indeed,
 The happy Mistress Strange.

'T is pity, then, that Strange and you
 Did not link together.
 Yes, had I known this much of you,
 I would have shewn you whether

I would have negatived his suit,
 For I did love the man ;
 Were his but for the one dispute ;
 Love you, I never can.

Thus matrimony runs along,
 Poisoned by one or other ;
 And the first quarrel they prolong
 Engenders but its brother.

Miss Moraliser here broke in :
 She always could reprove,
 And moralise on every sin
 She taught them to remove.

Ah, thus it is with man and wife
 When they cannot agree ;
 Thus cavilling throughout their life,
 Their sin they cannot see.

How cautious, then, they all should be,
 Their tempers to control ;
 To bear and forbear they should see
 Alone will keep peace whole.

Endurance, and to share the same,
 Be candid, fond, and true,
 And never one the other blame
 For what they both should do.

Requiring each the other's will
 Before they can decide,
 Or leave undone the action still,
 And every care divide.

Miss Mystery and Mister Pry
 Got wed the other week ;
 No happiness for them I cry,
 Nay, love, 't is wrong to speak.

Indeed, sir, I shall tell the whole ;
 Just hear my Doctor Heal ;
 He 'd mend both body and the soul ;
 Their very skins I 'd peel.

But I detest that Mistress Pry,
 She is so close and cunning,
 She makes her husband fairly cry,
 With hateful teaze and funning.

The other night she would not tell
 A thing he wished to know ;
 She made him fidget so, and swell,
 Nay, swear, she teased him so.

Had Heal served me in such a way,
 I would have trod him down.
 We 've *not*, says Sneer, to learn to day
 Miss Bruise's great renown.

The day she married Doctor Heal,
 I said, that 's no disaster ;
 For now the blows that she will deal,
 Her husband's hand may plaister.

Her husband said, Alas for me,
 Too often 't is the case.
 You should have wed Miss Shrink, said she,
 Bounce got her pretty face.

And she complains that night and day
 He does so shake her nerves ;
 This only makes him rude, and say
 She gets what she deserves.

And then he rants and tears along,
 She says, and creeps away ;
 If not, my nerves become more strong :
 Oh, I shall rue the day

I ever married Mister Bounce ;
 Miss Neat advised me not ;
 Good Mister Plain I did renounce,
 And she the treasure got.

I do so envy Mistress Plain ;
 Nice, happy creature she.
 I tell you, madam, once again,
 That couple don't agree.

These words were said by Mister Doubt,
 He married young Miss Trust,
 And they, like fools, thrust reason out,
 As ill matched couples must.

They seem so kind, and fond, and true,
 I envy them likewise.
 Oh yes, my dear, that 's just like you,
 Praise people to the skies.

I wish you would more liberal be
 To me, and others too ;
 I wish you 'd sometimes think like me,
 But that you never do.

That 's just the way with Mister Mope,
 He married gay Miss Flash ;
 Of taming her he has no hope,
 She vows she 'll cut a dash.

A fashionable wife she proves,
 He hates both dash and style ;
 A sober, quiet life he loves,
 She thinks it horrid, vile.

Then were they not two fools to wed ?
 They were, said Mistress Freeze ;
 Last night she wished the man were dead,
 She never tries to please.

I wish, my dear, that you would try
 To please sometimes, and then
 We should not with our neighbours vie,
 But live and love, as when

You were Miss Fire, and I was thawed
 By your terrific blaze :
 I think it must have overawed,
 Or ta'en me in amaze.

My nature must have changed, or I
 Could not have taken you.
 You must have frozen mine, or I
 To nature was not true.

Again, Miss Fire, I would and could
 Do everything I please.
 And just the same things do I would,
 But marry Mister Freeze.

Good nature here put in a word,
 To quell this wedded strife ;
 Her fate, though equally absurd,
 Miss Smile became Frown's wife.

Dear creature, don't be cross, but say,
 When will you jaunt with me ?
 To-morrow, if a lovely day ;
 Come, won't you both agree ?

Do you agree with Mister Frown ?
 The fiery wife then said ;
 If mine were such a man, I 'd drown,
 Or knock him in the head.

I only smile at Mister Frown,
 He loves me, I am sure ;
 Were I less cheerful to sit down,
 His hate I must endure.

Good humour always takes away
 The sullens from his face.
 Would I endure it every day ?
 Not with so good a grace.

Well, never mind, we must push on .
 I envy Mistress Good ;
 She was Miss Kind ; when they are gone
 The poor will oft want food.

Congenial in heart and soul,
 Each shares the other's woes ;
 Act not approved by both, the whole,
 The other one foregoes.

And thus, in amity and love,
 They dwell throughout the year,
 Regarding home all things above,
 To each the other dear.

Envied by the unhappy tribe
 Of discontented pairs,
 Who neither seek, nor can imbibe,
 The blessings might be theirs,

This happy couple often strive
 In vain to quell the storm,
 Can nothing do, nor yet contrive
 Such tempers to reform.

No! Miss Decision here exclaims,
 It is in vain to try;
 Divided love for ever aims
 To put the other by.

And separation only can
 The wedding conflict quell:
 The discontented wife and man
 Create for each a hell.

As lasting on the earth, as in
 The monarch fiend's abode,
 Shackled alike to strife and sin,
 They all their joys corrode.

The quarrel once begun, in vain
 An umpire stands between,
 Love trodden on can ne'er regain
 The force that once has been.

Miss Moraliser, what say you,
 Can love revive again?
 If once 't is crushed, I think 't is true,
 It is recalled in vain.

How cautious then the heart should be
 To learn its real state ;
 Like morals, manners, mind should see,
 Or never choose a mate.

Far better live alone, and free,
 Disdaining every choice,
 Unless the wife and man can be
 One heart, one soul, one voice.

But are you sure they live so well ?
 Some people are too good ;
 Whether or not, 't is hard to tell ;
 I would not—perhaps I could.

The giggling wife thus tittering said,
 But Mister Sad reproved ;
 Poor man, when he Miss Simper wed,
 His sense was far removed.

He sat in silent mood, while she
 Giggled and frisked about ;
 Had he but wed Miss Soothe, then we
 Should not have found him out.

His pensiveness a virtue seemed,
 Miss Soothe would have refined ;
 And she, poor girl, would quite have deemed
 It a fine touch of mind.

They were too genial to find
 Fever enough in wooing ;
 Miss Tattle said, he changed his mind,
 To her's and his undoing.

Well, never mind, Miss Soothe will get,
 I 'm sure, a better match ;
 I 'll give the nicest present yet ;
 Don't give, my dear, but catch.

How can you be so greedy, love,
 That Give should marry Take ?
 A happy contrast we shall prove,
 A loving couple make.

'T is true indeed that I love you,
 And you are always kind ;
 Well then, my love, in that 't is true,
 We both are of one mind.

Well then I 'll give, and you shall take,
 We 'll trip along together ;
 And we will equally partake
 The fine and rainy weather.

And this they do, she spending all
 That he brings to the mill ;
 Prepared to answer every call,
 He loves and feeds it still.

Not so poor Mister Stagnant Pool,
 He has a chequered life ;
 He took Miss Flood. Unhappy fool !
 She is a scolding wife.

From morn till night she raves and scolds,
 Declaims and shouts at all ;
 Poor Pool, whatever he beholds,
 Dares not a word let fall.

The servants fly, the mother cries,
 Not for a moment still ;
 Her vexing, noisy tongue outvies
 The clapper of a mill.

Sometimes good humoured, sprightly, kind,
 Poor man, he then has hope
 Her bitter humour has declined,
 And he 'll not have to cope

With the discomforts of a wife,
 Who always finds some fault
 With every one, or thing in life,
 From garret down to vault.

Poor man, the hope is soon o'erthrown,
 He looks or walks awry ;
 Then every rageful word that 's known
 The termagant lets fly.

And thus they live in constant strife,
 'T is shocking to behold;
 Oh dear! exclaims the fulsome wife,
 I could not be a scold.

And yet you can, for I am sure
 You raved the other day;
 Said Doctor Nincompoop demure,
 Nay, chuckey dear, don't say.

Miss Declamation now proclaimed
 Her wish to speak a word;
 And every gentleman exclaimed,
 She must, she shall be heard!

Encouraged thus, she soon began,
 And vehement she spoke,
 The tenor of her speech thus ran,
 Peace, heaven born, to invoke.

Oh for a tongue to speak of peace,
 In such a fervent strain,
 That every living tongue shall cease
 For ever to give pain.

Oh for a tongue to speak of strife,
 So that the world shall scorn
 To take it in, or man or wife,
 But leave it all forlorn,

To wander through the world alone,
 Despised by all mankind,
 And never any one be known
 To let it shelter find ;

Or ever with its fangs engage,
 Or ever once gain breath,
 But like the rattlesnake enrage *
 To sting itself to death.

Oh for a tongue to teach young maids
 To pause before they leap ;
 What though proud, fickle man upbraids,
 Shall she plunge in the deep

Abyss of ill-consorted life,
 Because they cruel think
 Her to refuse to be his wife ?
 She totters on the brink

Of ruin, if but for awhile
 She pause to take survey,
 And on the contract deign to smile,
 When she should firm say nay.

* A sailor once escaped the bite of a rattlesnake, by the creature entangling its rattles in the branch of a tree, while it was making a dart at him; enraged at its defeat, the reptile struck its fangs into itself, and instantly died—thus the man escaped its deadly poison.

Oh for a tongue to teach all men
 Reason to take for guide :
 A genial contrast find, and then
 To take her for a bride.

Some contrasts brighten when they dwell
 In peace, and, side by side,
 To each their every feeling tell,
 And share whate'er betide.

Thus man and wife should ever live,
 And travel through the world,
 Ready alike to take and give,
 Till death his shaft has hurled.

Here Doctor Nincompoop called out ;
 His wife won't have him go ;
 So she begins to scold and pout,
 Because he leaves her so.

You should not leave me, chuck, so long,
 Your 'Mima you don't love ;
 Your visit, pet, you wont prolong
 Ten times, pooh, pooh, above.

'T is fulsome, love ; pray don't before
 Strangers. They laugh and say
 We are two fools ; do, pray, give o'er.
 Said she, I'll have my way.

I know you will ; but let us be
 Just rational to-night.
 Ah, Johnnie, dear, you don't love me ;
 I 'll kiss you, just for spite.

I gave you just sixteen for that ;
 Say, chuckey, were 't not sweet ?
 To sit in peace, dear Poll, is what
 Would be a greater treat ?

Jemima Jane 's my proper name ;
 I wont be called your Poll :
 Ten kisses more. Said he, For shame,
 You treat me like a doll.

Poor Ninecompoop, enraged, now said,
 That I should take Miss Salve,
 Both fulsome and a shrew, to wed ;
 Better unwed by half.

There 's Slow, too, with a kissing wife,
 We learned are but fools ;
 He took Miss Cuddle for a wife—
 Match-making mothers' tools.

And we deserve the sauce we get,
 Too sweet for wholesome food ;
 Such fulsome fondness never yet
 In private firmly stood.

Though for awhile it may deceive,
 It palls upon the taste ;
 Lover nor husband it receive
 From women truly chaste.

Blanc mange smooth, oysters, marmalade.
 Coddled and stirred about,
 Cemented till a cake is made,
 Turns stomach inside out.

Miss Needle I 'd as soon have wed.
 She stitches Sloth to death ;
 The fashion 's always in her head.
 He says, Put by. She saith,

Put by my work ! my children's frocks
 Must be remodelled now ;
 Put by my work ! Where are the socks
 I *must* knit any how ?

I 'll buy them for you new, my dear ;
 Come, let us sit and chat.
 Your money waste, and times so drear ?
 I shall not think of that.

My needle is my very life ;
 You think of nothing, Sloth.
 Had I known this e'er I were wife,
 I should have been most loath

To link my fate with such a man.

My needle, I perceive,
Must, when you 've through your fortune ran,
Another fortune weave.

Tut, nonsense, fling the needle by,
You never make my home
A cheerful scene ; so I must try
From you and it to roam.

I never saw the like to you ;
You always make me spend
Five times too much on things quite new,
When old ones I could mend.

'T is thus you always talk to me,
Whenever I come home.
To end the thing at once, I see
That I must gad and roam.

And so it was—she would not rest—
He roused himself to stray,
When Mrs. Sloth had done her best
To drive her love away.

Her husband's was the fault, she thought ;
He called it all her own.
She never could do as she ought ;
They each the fault disown.

Miss Observation, tell a tale ;
 I know you 'll do it well,
 Says Soothe ; I never knew you fail :
 Of Flame and wife do tell.

TALE.

Dame Sneer was wed to Mr. Flame —
 A contrast they indeed —
 Oft bidden to their house, I came ;
 In this they both agreed.

Both intellectual, stylish, kind,
 Devoutly fond sometimes,
 A match, but never of one mind,
 Their temper never chimes.

A sneering wife she always proved,
 He hot as pepper-corn,
 They pouted, quarrelled, fondled, loved,
 Fretting both night and morn.

High station, every worldly bliss
 That fortune can combine,
 His face was ugly, her's not this,
 Her beauty was divine.

I went as usual to partake
 On Christmas Eve the fare,
 Roast beef, potatoes, and plumb cake ;
 To feast we all prepare,

But just before a quarrel 'gan
 Between the loving pair,
 She sneered, and he to high words ran,
 I wished I was not there.

In vain I strove to turn the tide
 By merry prank and fun ;
 Their reason quite was turned aside,
 The quarrel had begun.

The lady once was rich Miss Scorn,
 She married Mister Sneer ;
 A widow she became forlorn,
 And Flame caught up the dear.

An ill contrasted pair were they ;
 The former genial quite ;
 These framed a quarrel night and day,
 Sneer loved her day and night.

The worst offence that she could give
 To her new husband Flame,
 Was to regret Sneer did not live,
 Or she had ta'en his name.

She this same eve her fate bemoaned,
 And made her husband rave ;
 Her stern contempt, she said he owned,
 Nay, wished him in the grave.

To think that I should take for life
 That crumppet face of thine ;
 With Sneer I was a genial wife :
 Would that he still were mine !

God made me, madam, as I am,
 My ugliness gave he ;
 My maker, I was not to blame :
 But never remind me

That you were ever wed before :
 I hate the name of Sneer.
 Indeed ! but, as I 've said before,
 I wish I had him here.

Or else was still Miss Scorn, my dear,
 Remaining so for life ;
 But yet, you know, with Mister Sneer
 I was a genial wife.

That name again ! Madam, I 'll not
 Endure to hear it rung !
 And seizing a potatoe hot,
 Instant at her he flung.

The burning morsel touched her eye,
 She seized another too ;
 And from the dish the missiles fly,
 Their rage no reason knew.

I, Observation, sat quite meek,
 I laughed, but never spoke ;
 But when the missiles touched my cheek,
 To sit still was no joke.

I started up, and, as they passed,
 Returned them on the man ;
 Seeing the empty dish at last,
 I spoke, and thus began :

I quit this scene. Fie, fie, I cried,
 To lead this horrid life.
 She, You, Sir, where is now your pride,
 So to abuse your wife ?

Don't go, [*aside*] then whispered she,
 I 've gone too far, I know ;
 Unless you stay he 'll horsewhip me,
 You must not, shall not go.

My missiles are as soft as she ;
 Say, is she not a fool ?
 Nay, say, sir, rather, are not we
 A pair ? and not one tool.

She drove me mad. Your words, sir, prove,
 And now I feel some shame
 To tell the servants to remove,
 You 're quite as much to blame.

I will not strive with man and wife,
 Just knock your heads together ;
 The greater fool, for very life,
 Who, sir, could tell you whether ?

Indeed, sir, there is nought to choose
 Between your wife and you.
 Now did she not me first abuse ?
 From that the quarrel grew.

I 'd take you both by nape of neck,
 Your noses I 'd grind down,
 Until you both your tempers check,
 Your equal faults atone.

This an example in high life !
 Preserve me, heaven, from style ;
 Potatoe wars 'tween man and wife,
 I 'd run from half a mile.

I think you side with Mister Flame,
 And once I saw you throw
 Quite straight at me ; I saw you aim ;
 You take his part, I know.

I aimed at both, and not at one ;
 The fight was not for me :
 That both were mad, your senses gone,
 Was all that I could see

The servants came to take away
 The scattered morsels strewn
 O'er every spot; I heard one say,
 What is the age of th' moon?

The footman at the waiting maid
 Looked wonder-struck, and tried
 In vain, as she did, to evade
 Their master's looks, and hide

Their merry thoughts behind the screen,
 And Mister Flame took fire;
 He kicked the footman from the scene,
 To vent his smothered ire,

And then sat down, relieved, to drink
 Another glass of wine.
 Miss Observation will not think
 The fault, I hope, all mine.

To think I wedded Mistress Sneer,
 A man so hot as me;
 But yet she is a lovely dear;
 Come, come, love, come, kiss me.

He fondly smiled; and she, afraid
 To keep the quarrel on,
 By little tender arts essayed
 To prove all anger gone.

The strife thus ended. I took leave,
 Not oft to visit there,
 As everybody may believe,
 This most unhappy pair.

Miss Bite had silent sat too long,
 But now she raised her voice,
 The subject wishing to prolong,
 Detraction all her choice.

Miss Dumps, a little stupid thing,
 Has married Paul Adore,
 Of love and poetry the king!
 Well, well, the world 's turned o'er.

Oh what a life that pair will lead,
 Your observation 's right;
 Their wedded strife 's begun indeed,
 Said envious Miss Bite.

I called upon them just to see,
 She sat inanimate;
 So fond, so loving, kind was he;
 She quite as sullen sate.

He kissed and fondled, prattled, too,
 She neither smiled nor stirred;
 And, when I rose and bade adieu,
 She never spoke a word.

What folly for a man like him
 To choose him such a wife ;
 She full of sullenness and whim,
 He frolic, fun, and life.

They never can agree a day,
 I know it, said Miss Bite,
 I heard him, in great anger, say
 He hated her, one night.

Such words from merry Paul Adore,
 The *sweetest man* and true,
 Three yards of *lollypops*, or more ;
 For he is six feet two.

The monied wife, I've often called
 To see how they agree ;
 At her house I was quite appalled,
 A strife to hear and see.

You need not think to govern me,
 Said she ; I'm not a fool,
 Nor yet your slave, though wedded we,
 Nor yet am I a tool

For you to sharpen when you please.
 To use for purpose vile.
 You see that I can fret and tease ;
 Your coaxing shan't beguile.

I want some money, and I 'll have
 A double portion, too ;
 A pretty thing to beg and crave
 A fortune brought to you !

I 'll not be kissed, Sir ; don't you think
 To cozen me that way ;
 I 'll bring you, Sir, to ruin's brink,
 My debts I 'll make you pay.

What did I bring a fortune for ?
 To spend it, to be sure ;
 And I expected more and more,
 When I did you secure.

Your fortune, Sir, was thrice my pelf ;
 To half you gave me claim,
 The fatal day I gave myself,
 And took your ugly name.

As ugly as yourself, my dear.
 I married you for pelf ;
 And, though we 're only wed one year,
 I could go hang myself.

Unhappy Mr. Hoard, you see,
 Getting more was ruin ;
 To go you only mad could be,
 To Miss Crave a-wooing.

The lady thus that spoke outright
 Was on the fidgets sitting,
 Though tremulous and anxious quite
 To get on with her knitting.

She felt she must put in a word,
 Her sense of wrong to prove,
 And shew that what she saw and heard
 Put patience on the move.

Her husband, Mister Mild, said, Dear,
 Don't tell your mind so free.
 To vex like you I cannot fear,
 When things so fidget me.

And take your foot from off my gown ;
 Oh, dear, you 've soiled that spot.
 I wish I 'd never put it on.
 I wish, my dear, you 'd not.

Just look, my knitting 's on the floor ;
 Say what the man deserves ?
 Oh, heavens ! that knocking at the door
 Has quite unstrung my nerves.

How silly, when almost a child,
 I wooed the tall Miss Fret,
 Said whisperingly, poor Mr. Mild,
 But she looked such a pet.

The wife of Mr. Mutton cries,
 Some drops ; you 've got a cold.
 Put on your muffler ; it defies
 The asthma, I am told.

I have no asthma, I am sure.
 But you may take it, dove ;
 I made this mixture to secure
 Your lungs ; come, take it, love.

For mercies' sake, don't tease me now.
 Then, pray, take some warm drops.
 You take me for a fool ; I vow
 I hate your nasty slops.

Still that I could Miss Posset be ;
 Dear Mutton will not take,
 Either for love, himself, or me,
 The coddles that I make.

Miss Flippant and old Surly Grave
 Went off to Gretna Green,
 And strangely now they both behave—
 No less than mad, I ween.

Silent old Grave got married, too ;
 It makes me quite recoil.
 Miss Flippant says, It 's nothing new
 For wit to take a foil.

And when she 's sad, dear Mister Grave,
 Inters her wit awhile ;
 And, when the monster wont behave,
 She raps him with a smile.

When he is silent, and morose,
 She calls him Mister Mute ;
 And bids him talk, though he but prose,
 And then they both dispute.

Madam, he said, the other day,
 Flippancy is not wit ;
 Nay, if you sneer at what I say,
 The head dress is a fit.

And thus they run, from bad to worse,
 And toss the cup and ball ;
 Make matrimonial life a curse,
 Expending thus their gall.

Miss Lofty called the other day.
 Her bridesmaid I 'm to be ;
 Sir Lowly Sycophant, last May,
 Became her flame, and she.

Enraptured with the chance to wed
 A titled man, agreed
 To Hymen's altar to be led
 By him, though she loved Lead.

Buck Lead is quite the fashion now,
 And she adores the man ;
 He 's hated her, I heard him vow,
 Since Sycophant began.

Why, she got wed the other day !
 Miss Tattler cries aloud,
 A pretty compliment to pay
 To you, but she is proud.

And now that she 's Your ladyship,
 She gives herself some airs ;
 And, even now, this couple sip,
 Of matrimonial cares.

She so despises his mean ways,
 Affronts the courtly lords ;
 Already for her death she prays,
 Her life no peace affords.

Not half so bad as Mistress Save,
 She drives her husband mad ;
 Extravagancies she will have ;
 And money must be had.

He saves each penny that he can,
 She values not a pound,
 When he gives little, strikes the man,
 And throws it to the ground.

He might have known Miss Spend too well,
 To take her for a wife;
 As each and all his friends could tell,
 To vex and plague his life.

'They rave, and storm, and fret, and he
 Refuses money more;
 She runs in debt. He's mad to see,
 The duns come to his door.

Let them alone. Miss Gossip's wed
 To sober Alfred Home;
 The honeymoon was not half sped,
 When he refused to roam.

She gads about from house to play,
 From opera to ball;
 Despite what he can do or say,
 She disregards it all.

He should have wed Miss 'Terror, dear—
 She married Isaac Bold;
 Intrepid, dauntless, mad, I fear,
 He frightens her I'm told.

The other day he called her down,
 To look at something new;
 He seized her by the hair; a clown!
 And flash a pistol flew.

Mere powder loading, I am told,
 Yet still, she swooned away ;
 And this unfeeling Isaac Bold
 Did just the same next day.

Miss Fry has married Mister Fast,
 She cooks each day a treat ;
 And he 'll refuse, from first to last,
 The smallest bit to eat.

He fasts and prays, and leaves his food ;
 She cooks him something nice,
 Says, Dearest love, it is so good,
 Eat ; do take my advice.

I would not touch to save your life ;
 Oh dear ! you are unkind ;
 That I should take a cooking wife,
 I think my soul was blind !

You rob me of my peace each day,
 From prayer you take my mind ;
 Repent your wedding ! sir ? I say,
 In that we 're of one mind.

Thus men and women blindly choose
 A partner for their life ;
 Good ones, too often, they refuse,
 And blindly leap at strife.

I 've travelled in the world, and seen
 Wedded love and ease ;
 I 've travelled in the world, and been
 Where scenes occur like these

I 've seen the wedded pair delight
 Each blessing to impart
 To each and others, day and night,
 United hand and heart.

Who, not forgetting neighbour love,
 Will each perform their part,
 And one and both their friendship prove,
 By welcome from each heart.

But man's fond love is sensual all,
 Unless his reason guide ;
 Ponder the change that may befall,
 Ere you become his bride.

When he takes reason for his guide,
 He loves with fervent force ;
 When stormy passion stems the tide,
 His love than hate is worse.

Then love him not for manly grace,
 But probe his heart to find
 Like virtues that disport the face
 Inherent in his mind.

If wanting these, fly off with speed,
 Risk not his courtly care ;
 His passion may like feelings breed,
 And prove a fatal snare.

Then shun the man your mind disowns,
 A partner to approve,
 And bend the heart until it groans,
 Or breaks to move your love.

Cast it away as worthless dross,
 The man unworthy all ;
 Esteem his absence gain, not loss,
 To earth then let it fall.

Discard it then, if not before ;
 You proved him worthless quite.
 Or burns the lasting feeling more
 Intensely in its might ?

For woman gives her heart away,
 Unconscious that she loves ;
 And when the feeling thus gains sway,
 Her love immortal proves.

Constant as never-ending day,
 Her heart retains its fires ;
 In vain the tribute others pay,
 No other man desires.

Thought lingers over every look
 That won her tender heart ;
 No precept told or writ in book
 Can wrestle with the dart.

It keeps the wound, in spite of all
 That reason can put forth,
 As green as when the shaft let fall,
 Unconscious of her worth.

Her lover lost to worth and fame,
 In sorrow she loves on ;
 Though reason makes her shun his name,
 She loves; when hope is gone,

Too well to cast him all away :
 A tender hope leads on,
 That she may yet behold one day
 His lost renown re-won.

She feels she cannot all forego
 The man that won her heart ;
 She feels to love him once, and know
 That love claims every part,

Though reason bids her cast away,
 And fill the place with scorn,
 Fond memory still recalls the day
 When her young love was born,

Feeling it hard to give him up,
 It fondly clings to feelings
 That but embitter more the cup
 By its own revealings.

Though hard the task, it may be done,
 Religion called to aid ;
 A holy triumph may be won,
 The broken heart new made.

No man can then renew the sore,
 The woman's heart made free,
 To live and love, and evermore
 The fickle traitor flee.

She then can love the world, and be
 Sister to each, and friend,
 And live and love ; and, roaming free,
 Love on till life shall end.

A Rhyming Epistle,

TO A YOUNG FRIEND ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER
 WEDDING-DAY.

DEAR Helen, forgive my long silence : I own
 'T is little respect to your note I have shown.

My conscience upbraids me, I feel quite ashamed ;
 Yet idleness, not my sweet self, must be blamed.
 You kindly replied to your bridal salute,
 And sought for more favours. I scarce can compute
 The number of lengthy epistles I planned ;
 Five returns to your favour I shot off hand ;
 And such fiery effusions, I thought that my muse
 Would never presume my requests to refuse.
 And, in truth, had the scribbling fever gained sway,
 You would have been tempted to wish far away
 My essays, epistles, advice, and bon mots,
 And what sort of narratives nobody knows ;
 Therefore do not repine that the root of all evil
 Has preserved you from wishing your friend at the deevil.
 But surely this preface is quite long enough,
 I fancy you say, What ridiculous stuff.

To enter at once on the matter in hand,
 The cause of my writing before you shall stand :
 I write on the twenty-fourth day of September,
 On what anniversary you will remember,
 The day you sweet liberty gave up for life,
 And vowed to become an obedient wife,
 Little expecting, ere twelve months were gone,
 The joys of a mother to you would be known.
 May the rapturous feelings, which ushered to earth
 The dear little treasure which first received birth,
 Accompany it ever through life's chequered maze ;
 May you teach it to walk in wisdom's bright ways,

And never resign to another the charge
 Of offspring, but fondly your duty discharge ;
 And when second, third, or a great many more.
 For aught I can tell, a dozen, or score,
 Put forth claims which demand the whole of your heart.
 Give each rosy cherub its own lawful part.
 Impute not unkindness to me, my young friend,
 Although you 've no *very great* cause to commend.
 Just now in my favour I 've nothing to say,
 But ere the conclusion of this very day,
 Your sister Eliza and I drank your health.
 Many happy returns of the day, peace, and wealth,
 Long life to your darling, prosperity too ;
 May it prove a sweet solace to husband and you.
 And, now to conclude, I will try to remember
 To write you a letter before next September.

Impromptu.

One of my efforts as a young Poetaster ; the frolic attendant on it ;
 and the young Irishman's consternation, when it showered upon
 him.

I MUST premise, that at the period in which the cir-
 cumstance occurred that I am about to relate, I was

a mere child, not quite fourteen years old, yet very tall and robust of my age, full of blooming health, light hearted happiness, and elastic hopeful vigour. I was then living with a beloved sister, in the same street, and exactly opposite, my eldest brother's residence.

In this street the waterpipes, at our side, by some accidental communication with and inlet from the gas pipes, became polluted with that disagreeable æther, and it so impregnated the water, that it was impossible to drink it; we therefore always sent across to my brother's for any that we required for that purpose. It was a custom with my sister, on evenings that we received no company, to allow the servants to retire early, leaving a light supper, or sandwich tray, that she and I might partake when we felt disposed; one night they forgot to procure and put thereon a jug of water.

As we always washed down our food with the pure crystal stream from our first father's wine bin, we conceived it quite impossible to do without a bumper on the present occasion. I seized a china punch bowl, of no small dimensions, from among some decorative china on a sideboard, and, enveloping my head with a light gauze scarf, volunteered to go and fill it at my brother's opposite, on condition that my sister would stand at the door, and see me safe across the street, and call out if she saw any of the wild dandy baboon imitators of the town, offer to touch me in my passage over.

The street was so lonely, that I saw not a soul as

I was going. Having gained admission at my brother's, I found him alone reading, and, after chatting awhile, got him to fill my bowl, and stand at his door to see me safe back again; time had so gained on me, that it was nearly twelve when I again sallied forth. No sooner had I shot from my brother's door, than a light-footed Hibernian dandy, a visitor to the town, with gilded spurs, crisp curls, and darkly whiskered cheeks and chin, tripped after me, and, gently clasping my waist with one hand, he put the other on his heart, assuming a theatrical attitude, and in a tone of pathos, accompanied by a rich but gentlemanlike Irish brogue, exclaimed,—

“My love, here young Cupid's just lit up a flame!”

“Permit me, good sir, to extinguish that same!”

was my instant reply, adopting his own rich brogue, and, as I uttered these words, I dashed the contents of the well filled bowl over the rake's person; so adroitly did I hit my mark, that the liquid drenched him from head to foot, and streamed from every angle of his face and person. The dashing Hibernian did not at all relish or admire the dashing of the pure stream upon his dashingly attired figure—so unexpectedly hurled upon his astonished senses, it caused in an instant a revulsion of his love lit sensations, and he vowed vengeance on the young Houri, as he called me, for so mischievously trying to expunge the burning

wound, so suddenly inflicted by the hand of Cupid, on beholding me.

Before he could utter half his threat, I had darted through the door, held open by my sister, and was comfortably lodged at home, peeping through the window, to enjoy unseen the fray outside. I was then, what a sober Irishman would have called, a bright, laughing lump of a girl, and not a little did I enjoy the young Hibernian's consternation, while he exclaimed "How did she vanish at all? Where did she go, sure? Not into the earth, or the air. She might be etherial, but certain and sure the punch bowl and water was not. Oh, that I could catch the young Houri, it is just pay her well that I would." In vain he enquired in what quarter I had vanished from the scene of action, the few that had collected near, on hearing his exclamations, only replied by a laugh or hiss, as he shook off the water, that was dripping from his face and person; and, only that it obscured his vision by swimming in his eyes, he might have seen my two sparkling, merry, black eyes peering over the window blind, while I surveyed, in ecstasy, the result of my impromptu deluge, and co-partnership in the rake's couplet.

My brother had stood at his door to see me safe across, and, the moment he saw the popinjay trip after me, had clenched his hand to strike him down, if he attacked me; but he was so entertained at my retort and trick, and the rapidity with which I extri-

cated myself from his grasp, that he only laughed heartily, and let him off with the one dose that I had so promptly administered, stepping across immediately after my love lit assailant had disappeared, to applaud me for my adroit self-deliverance, and enjoy, with myself and sister, a few merry jokes on the scene enacted, before he returned to replenish our punch bowl, and came back to sup with us.

Flattery is Disguised Satire.

It has been truly said, that flattery is but satire in disguise; and I feel assured that any man, who extols the personal endowments of a young lady with a hope of pleasing her, by so doing must either take her for a foolish, weak minded girl, be little better than a fool himself, or have entertained some villanous design to subdue or vitiate her good morals.

At least, he shews but little sense if he regards her by expressing his feelings in overwrought flattery; for he thereby runs the risk of spoiling that which he loves, by instilling vanity and prideful notions of self-importance. And for what? Over personal endowments we have no control; and though mental endowments

depend greatly on our own application and perseverance, we are indebted to our Creator alone for the capacity to receive and cultivate them, and to his merciful infusion of soul into our system, for the pleasures that we derive from mental culture.

My good mamma very early instilled into my mind, and tried to fix it as a principle, that every man derided if he flattered; and she taught me to shun all those who practised it, as insulters, or immoral men. One of the results of her instructions was my saucy reply to a flattering poetic letter, which I received, and answered the same day, when only fifteen years old. And I now copy it for the amusement of any youthful readers that may peruse my writings.

REPLY

To a Poetic Letter of commendation and gross flattery on my person and acquirements.

The endowments you applaud I fear you'll not find,
 I know that my person 's as defective as my mind;
 Then, unless in derision you sent me your scrawl,
 I beseech you, friend, why did you send it at all?
 In our dining room windows the flowerpots you mention,
 I never placed there to attract your attention.
 Then do not the defects of your own weak mind show,
 By deriding your friend, and contracting her brow.

You may smile at my meekness in tending my trees,
 And deride my appearance as much as you please,
 But, if happy at heart, I shall never attend,
 As I know I have faults that I cannot amend.
 If not to deride your fine flattery was sent,
 Then your pardon I beg; are you now, sir, content?
 But when next to a lady you write, sir, I pray
 That nothing but truth you 'll endeavour to say.

A Negligent Tutor.

An original mode of reproving a Negligent Tutor for his want of punctuality; chiding him for preferring Temperance Meetings to Italian Lessons, or the performance of his duties as a Linguist.

It may perhaps amuse my juvenile readers, and I may not be deemed egotistical, if I relate an anecdote of myself and a celebrated French Linguist, whom I had engaged as an instructor for the Italian language. Unfortunately for my thirst for learning, my Tutor found it much more easy to promise a regular attendance than punctually to perform his promise.

In vain I sat on the tiptoe of expectation, one lesson day after another. Monsieur preferred getting up Temperance Meetings, and exhibiting himself on sundry platforms as an energetic advocate of Teetotalism,

National or Teetotal Education, and Teetotal National Reform. Tired, one evening, of waiting in vain for my Italian lesson, and accidentally hearing that Monsieur's want of punctuality arose from his intending to lecture in English, for the benefit of the Temperance cause, I sallied forth to the place of assembly, knowing that I should be well repaid for my walk by his eloquence and reasoning. He spoke in splendid style, and more than once drew tears from mine and many an eye, by his pathetic appeal to fathers and husbands, to shield their wives and children from the evils that must inevitably overwhelm them, from their misconduct, unless reclaimed to habits of sobriety.

He narrated many tales, which served to illustrate how lamentably this vice had increased in England during the preceding six years; and the increased amount of crime, owing to the frequent indulgence of this disgusting vice, which he strongly urged should be made punishable by the law as a crime. He endeavoured, by the most enthusiastic eloquence, to infuse noble sentiments into the minds of the multitude around him, urging them to render themselves worthy of increased privileges, by becoming an educated people, and obtaining for themselves the aristocracy of the mind—this being the only nobility really worthy of acceptance.

He then severally introduced the three following resolutions, which were unanimously passed, and expatiated upon by himself and several others; an unsuccessful attempt was made at a collection, to defray

the expense of printing them. The first resolution, which follows, elicited from Monsieur that part of his lecture which displayed the greatest evidence of soul, a quality which, I think, both in the French and the enlightened Irish, renders their society so fascinating.

“First Resolution.—The present meeting deem it necessary, owing to the fearful increase of crime arising from the use of intoxicating liquors, to express their firm determination to support by every consistent means the Temperance cause ; and, desirous of beholding trade increase, taxes lessen, education and religion progress, pledge themselves to abstain in future from all intoxicating drinks.”

Moved by Monsieur, seconded by Mr. G., supported by Messrs. T., B., G., and Co., and unanimously carried by all.

What a pity, and how much to be deplored, that in England, the practical part cannot be as readily and unanimously carried into action as the resolution can be proposed.

“Second Resolution.—The meeting, beholding with regret that the Temperance cause is not better supported, and earnestly desiring its progress, deem it advisable to resort to more effective measures, and appoint district visitors, to wait on all friends of national reform, in order to procure their aid.”

Moved by Monsieur, seconded by Mr. G., supported by Mr. C., and unanimously carried by all.

“Third Resolution.—The present meeting assembled

deem it necessary that the important resolutions which have been passed this evening, should be printed and distributed; and a collection made to defray the expenses."

Moved by Monsieur, seconded by G. G., Esq., supported by Messrs. T. and G., and unanimously carried, but not put into effect.

To proceed with the anecdote, I have to say that before leaving the lecture room, I requested of Monsieur that he would allow me to have the resolutions, that I might copy them into my journal; he promised to send them to me in the morning, and did not fail to do so; but I, not feeling disposed to copy them verbatim, took the liberty of pasting his into my journal, and writing three others in burlesque, as a gentle reproof for his irregularity. I enclosed them in the following note, which I now present to the reader.

"To Monsieur,

February 7.

"Sir,—I do verily and indeed begin to believe, that you do me the honour to give me credit for the patience of at least three Jobs; so often disappointing my thirst for learning, by your want of punctuality as a tutor. Were youth, bloom, and beauty my attributes,—query, is it the polite Frenchman that would forget the laws of etiquette, and keep a lady waiting in vain for her lesson, and his smile of approbation. Many thanks for so kindly sending me the resolutions of the temperance meeting, in return for which favour,

I have conveyed to you a new version of the same, designed for the special edification of Monsieur, and an essential amendment to his code of reform. Praying you to pardon the silly badinage of this note, and the enclosed papers, I remain, most respectfully,
 your obedient servant,
 E. C.

First Resolution.—The Committee of Learned Spinsters, having in the chair the Patient Lady; supported by Wit, Frolic, Good Humour, and Female Tyranny, yeleft Smiles, fully determined to spin out the complicated machinery lodged in their chambers of imagination, judgment, and memory, to the utmost limits of ingenuity; yet (incapable as the unruly lords of the creation presume to assert, though we spinsters too often prove that our capabilities surpass those of man's inflexible mind,) we resolve to demand the privilege of binding the celebrated Baron von Linguist to keep his engagement to assist the patient Lady to surmount all educational difficulties, and become as learned as himself, and a much greater proficient in the capacity of timekeeper.

Moved by Equity, seconded by Common Sense, supported by Truth, Honour, and Justice, and unanimously carried by Wit, Frolic, Good Humour, and Tyrannic Smiles."

Second Resolution.—The Committee of Learned Spinsters have resolved to enlist into their service a certain little urchin, called Conscience, and, providing

him with a galvanic battery, to guide his footsteps to the abode of the Baron von Linguist, there to set it in action, with monitory twitches; and then inserting a stocking-needle into the most sensitive cockle or muscle of his heart, called 'touch my honour touch my life,' and thereon affixing the conductor, apply the full force of the battery, and reduce him to obedience.

Moved by Retribution, seconded by Momus disguised as an Inquisitor, supported by Doctors, Divines, and Dark Angels, and unanimously carried by the lively Female Laughing Gas Co.

Third Resolution. — The Committee of Learned Spinsters resolve to make a collection of all the implements used in manufacturing a Lady's Man, requiring the Baron von Linguist to swallow them all.

Moved by Dissimulation, seconded by Flattery, supported by Foppery, Fashion, and Roguery, and unanimously carried by False Idolatry, Treachery, and Disappointment, the concealed ingredients of a Lady's Man.

N. B. The Baron reformed his manners for awhile, and then, relapsing into his former negligence, he was consequently discharged.

Irish Victimising.

AN IRISH MODE OF OBTAINING MONEY.

STROLLING one day with a party of ladies on the banks of the River Lee, which adorns and meanders through the lovely City of Cork, giving the charms of novelty and beauty both to the city and the surrounding country, which, rising in a continuous elevation, overhangs and beautifies the town, while the river and the town appear to look up to them, as though in admiration of the charming scenes and foliage that bend their graceful and diversified beauties in guardian-like fondness over them, and invite the attention of those who stroll on the margin of the river, as we did, I paused to regard minutely and to admire each varied point of attraction.

We had arrived at a point where we saw on the opposite side of the stream the beautiful grounds of a splendid villa, that stood on an elevation in the back ground, the side on which we strolled being a long range of meadow land, in which cattle were quietly grazing, greatly to the annoyance of one lady, who hoped that every cow was not a bull. Pausing to admire, our remarks were suddenly interrupted with, "Whisht Ladies, mind away till I drive the bulls from off of you, for I would not wish that the likes of ye should be

harmed." Some of the party were a little alarmed, but seeing the cattle go away very quietly, we soon perceived there was not any danger; and the man returned immediately, saying, "Och sure, now yer ladyships will land me the loan of a halfpenny for the bit of bacey?" "What for?" said one. "Sure, for driving the bulls away." "We did not ask you," said another, "did we?" "No; but, sure, the likes of you will be thankful for a mereiful priservation." "No, no, we were not in danger," said two. "Well, thin, it is jist bring them baek again that I will, for they are only cows."

I loitered behind, and gave him a penny for his wit, telling him I would rather have given him twopennee for speaking the truth.

A New Etymology of the Word Devil.

I HAVE often been reproved for using the word Devil, as a more appropriate name for the evil one than Satan; and I herewith present my readers with some of my reasons for preferring it, as more expressive

of the origin, attributes, and occupation of this roaring lion, that wanders forth to devour human souls; himself the cause, means, consequence, promoter, and punisher of evil deeds.

Devil is the proper name, or substantive, of the soul's devourer, and indweller of the heart that fears not God. Take D from the name, and evil remains. Human nature, and the heart's best feelings, are a combination of good and evil; and he who devours all good, leaves behind only evil. Take the E from the beginning of evil, and put it to the end, we then have vile. Is anything viler than sin? No; then surely the instigator, cause, and upholder of sin must be vile indeed. Take the V away, we then have il, (ill,) and truly is he the cause, means, and consequence of ill, secretly assisting all its movements, and removing every obstacle to its completion. Take I away, it leaves the letter L, the name of his dominions, and the initial letter to many of the besetting sins; such as lewdness, lies, levity, lasciviousness, lawless liberty, and lust of every thing that renders life's pleasures distasteful, degrading, doubtful, and destitute of reason; and such as hold out false refreshment to those who travel in the broad way that leads to the gates of those dominions.

Caution.

LOVERS SHOULD BE CAUTIOUS EVEN BEFORE VERY
LITTLE CHILDREN.

A YOUNG lady on a visit at my sister's was permitted every evening to receive the attentions of a gentleman, who was very solicitous to win her in marriage. One evening, after he had sat some time in general conversation with all parties, my sister, wishing to give them an opportunity of talking over private matters, gave me a hint to retire for a while, when she and her husband did. Accordingly we quitted the room, leaving my little nephew, a child of sixteen months old, sporting on the floor with his playthings, the lovers regardless of, or indifferent to, his presence.

On our return, we found them seated not quite at the freezing point, their chairs approximating a little closer. • Presently the gentleman took the baby boy upon his knee to toy with him. The child not liking the contact of his bristly chin when he fondled him, tried to push him to the lady; at last, throwing a tiny arm round the neck of each, he gently drew their heads together, and said, "Tiss aden, tiss aden!" (kiss again.) The glowing suffusion on the lady's cheeks, and the

downcast, half shame-faced, half quizzical laughter-like look of the gentleman, at once disclosed that his task of wooing was more pleasurable than toilsome, and the victory more than half achieved.

Their confusion was hailed by us with a roar of laughter, in which they good-humouredly joined at their own expense; and the baby boy laughed, and clapped his little hands, as though he could triumph in what he had done, believing it to be witty.

Anecdotes.

A SINGULAR CURE FOR A MISSHAPEN NOSE.

ONE of my doctors, a man of no little celebrity, came to me one day, and, before he entered upon business, he sat down, laughing most immoderately, telling me that he had just met with a little incident that tickled his fancy exceedingly, and he must have his laugh out.

He had just paid a professional visit to a spruce, flirting, but finical old bachelor, whom he had called upon earlier than usual; consequently he took him rather unawares, and, much to his surprise, found the old beau decorated with the singular appendage of a clothes peg, pressed tight down upon his nose. "Ah!" said the doctor, "your nose broken? I hope not;

but you have a singular kind of splints put upon it." "God bless me, doctor, I did not intend to let you see this folly, but you, you, you, took me unawares. The nostrils are extremely broad, and destroy a charm in the face; besides, to, to, tell you the truth, I am in lo-love, and paying my addresses to a very particular lady. I wish to appear to every advantage in her eyes. My nostrils are sadly too broad, sadly too broad, indeed."

The Doctor laughed heartily when he found that nothing more disastrous than a defect in beauty caused him to wear such a singular nose-press; and as he had a remarkably sharp thin nose himself, he solicited an introduction to the lady, in order that he might win her favour, if a thin nose were indispensable to obtain it.

Leaving the misshapen beau much mortified at the exposé of his vanity, and laughing heartily at his transposé of the washerwoman's prop and stay, he came to me to have his laugh out, and entertain me with a recital of the fun; and I hope that my young readers will be equally amused with my relation of the ludicrous fact, just as it occurred.

HANDSOME TO FOLLOW, BUT A DEVIL TO MEET.

A GENTLEMAN, who for many years held a post under Government, in Liverpool, and was as much celebrated

for his eccentricities as he was for the manly grace and beauty of his figure, and the extreme ugliness of his face, was one morning called upon by an old friend of mine, who, being very intimate and familiar with him, entered his breakfast room rather unceremoniously, and, much to his astonishment, found the gentleman mounted on a table, surveying himself, from head to foot, in the pier glass, bending his form in various graceful attitudes, while his transfixed friend looked on him as he would upon any one broken loose. At last the attitudiniser looked himself full in the face, shook his head, and exclaimed, in a comi-dolorous tone, "Alas! too, too true: handsome to follow, but a devil to meet." My friend exclaimed, "True, true; so give me your back for the future."

On hearing this, the startled gentleman leapt from the table, and, not being very juvenile, he staggered back with the effort against his friend, and fairly backed him out. He, supposing that it was done on purpose, took offence, and went away; but the next day's apology made all right again, and the few words heard at the time of the little *contre-temps* became a pass-word.

Mr. Critic's Parley with the Authoress.

I SLEPT, I dreamed ;
A vision seemed
To unfold itself before mine eyes.
I paused, I lay,
'T was broad, bright day ;
Yet a shade seemed pendent from the skies.
The shade receded, and advanced
A figure, while I lay entranced.
The figure seemed bedight with woe,
Nor love, nor smile, nor joy, to know ;
A man beyond the prime of life,
Yet young, and only aged with strife.
His face was wrinkled o'er with cares,
Like one who grinds and scatters tares ;
His visage was long, his eyes were blear,
Instinct proclaimed a critic near ;
His nose and lip curled in a sneer.
For he had, scorning, read all night,
The poet's strophes he meant to blight,
His eyes becoming dim and sore
Made him despise the poet more.

Yet envy, glancing from his eye,
Said, Would that I with him could vie.

He caught my eye as I awoke,
And sternly eyed me ere he spoke ;
And when the surly sage began,
His warning speech as follows ran :

MR. CRITIC.

Arouse thee, Lady, look not shy at me ;
My spirit brings some good advice to thee.
I urge thee not to court the fickle muse ;
Ah never thus thy precious time misuse.
The world, too, overflows with poets now ;
Expect no wreath of laurel for thy brow,
Unless in truth and wit thou couldst excel
A Shakspeare, Fielding, Goldsmith, Pope, or Bell ;
Original, sublime as Milton prove ;
Each fault, or tendency to vice, remove ;
Like Locke and Longfellow, embrace all space ;
With Hemans, Heber, Norton, Cooke run race,
And give to critics, public, snarl, and sage,
Perfect, original, invented page ;
Compete with good Montgomery, Bailey, Swain,
Or sing sublime, unheard of, lofty strain.
The world is now so much to wisdom prone,
You 'll find it has a stern reviewer grown.

AUTHORESS.

Full well aware of all you say am I.
With those you mention, I can never vie ;

Yet I may please the public, even though
 They may some better living poets know.
 My spirit sometimes soars aloft as high
 As those with whom I cannot always vie,
 And I perchance may catch the tone, and play
 Some sweet strung lute, to please the present day.
 What though superior spirits often write,
 I may perhaps some pretty tale indite
 Will better please the present fancy still,
 And I, while I my volumes try to fill,
 Derive a blessing, and some truth expound,
 Or moral precept may ere long be found
 To centre in the moulding, youthful mind,
 And through the world a brilliant passage find.

MR. CRITIC.

No doubt, you wish to do some moral good,
 And thus supply us critics with pure food ;
 But while you do so, you may haply find
 We critics are not always of one mind ;
 And that, unless you mean to pay us well,
 Your book must have a downfall, never sell.
 Proud Fame's inconstant trumpet floats upon
 A fickle wave, that comes, recedes, is gone,
 Soars high, and reaches some high mountain top ;
 Some sudden freak, and it from thence may drop ;
 From thence, soon taking wing, away may fly ;
 Unheeded, unregretted, sink, and die.

AUTHORESS.

Good seems your counsel, but I am resolved.
 In pledge to the public I 'm now involved.
 You parley too late, and you must excuse
 If, in spite of all, I publish my muse,
 Regardless of fame, friends, fortune, and pelf :
 'T is a case in which I shall please myself.
 My Maker *I* know has made me a poet,
 So why should I shrink from letting *you* know it ?
 I write of mountains, brooks, echoes, and glens,
 As much for my use as other scribes' pens.
 I care not one jot if they vex or please ;
 You critics can't cure the scribbling disease ;
 And if you enrage me, I 'll tell you outright,
 Envy, malice, and jealousy urged you to spite.

MR. CRITIC.

Dear madam, forbear, and say, if you please,
 What sort of rude figures and tropes are these ?
 Dew turned into nectar, and minds into trees !
 True symptoms, indeed, of the scribbling disease.
 Wit kicking ambition down to the floor,
 And dragging oppression from every man's door !
 Wisdom walking on earth, and joining with wit
 To teach serpents and worms in heaven to sit !
 Gipsy murderer causing a maiden to die,
 Expiring to waft him her last love sigh !
 And, sure, you won't say that from quarreling wives
 The new generation a lesson derives ?

Give us virtue and reason, and not silly rhymes ;
 The first will enlighten, the last only chimes,
 And tickles the ears with light merry measure ;
 The world wants reform, and not idle pleasure.
 Fie, fie, for a woman, like you, that can write
 Hymns and psalms, and plausible essays indite.
 I'll forbear to make use of another harsh word,
 But your efforts in poesy are quite absurd.
 Keep to prose if you can, lest the critics should sneer,
 And decry what you value too much, ma'am, I fear

AUTHORESS.

The veriest drone in nature can prose,
 But a gift from our Maker alone can dispose
 The mind in light measure to breathe forth its lays.
 Heaven-born is the talent that circles with bays
 The brow of the poet, and leads him to fame,
 And makes, e'en in this sphere, immortal his name.
 A versatile sort of creature I am,
 Surely some effort will lead me to fame ;
 But as for incessant humdrumming at prose,
 I should as soon think of submerging my nose
 In a cauldron of burning hot molten lead,
 And expect to find it a violet bed.
 I sit down to prose, and I write doggerel,
 I next rack my memory a tale to tell,
 Diverging from that I blunder at rhyme,
 And all of a sudden become sublime ;
 Extending such sentiments over my page,
 Instructive alike to the untaught and sage.

Now, tell me, good sir, if the spirit that goes
 Through doggerel, narrative, rhyme, and prose,
 And can take each and all, and at any time,
 Has nothing to boast of that 's very sublime?
 You critics complain, sir, without any cause,
 Catch at one stolen word, and make it a clause.
 Say, sneeringly, That comes from old Fadladeen,
 As soon should I think of insulting the Queen.
 You talk like the maiden who told me, last night,
 That I must have pilfered what other men write ;
 She had seen the word ' chequered,' she was quite sure,
 In one of the poems of Byron or Moore.
 And, sure, 't was a shame to take from such men
 One grain of applause from their magic pen,
 By making their sentiments common and stale,
 And putting them down in my vapid tale.
 Old Murder wit the other day refused
 His patronage, and poor old wit abused,
 Declared the word was vulgar, low, obscene,
 Framed but for malice and revenge to screen ;
 His daughter never should peruse a line
 Where vulgar wit was held up as a sign.
 Methought he looked for wit, of mirth the king,
 Quite formed to suit him, just the very thing
 At which his boldest stroke might have a fling,
 And though he vowed he ne'er would buy my book
 Until from it the low word ' wit' I took,
 A merry thought suggested that I should
 Let wit alone, and make him my wit's food,

And call him Murder-wit, or Love-not-lore,
An unpoetic, prosy-headed bore.

MR. CRITIC.

Indeed, ma'am, I think that the people were wise,
Their critic should teach you henceforth to despise
The meanness of taking a word from a page
That you could not indite in a cycle or age.
But I see it is vain to reason with you,
You surely don't think yourself a *bas bleu* ?

AUTHORESS.

For worlds, sir, I would not be thought such a shrew,
I shew no such feature for you to review ;
By no means, good sir ; but I know critics do,
Or would they pretend to dispose of all sense,
Pervert and depress it with malice prepense,
Unless they conceived themselves vested with all
The wisdom that ever on mortals did fall,
To cut it, and carve it, and cast it away,
Whenever they see it attach to new clay,
In the shape of an author desirous to shine
And partake of the fame critics vainly call mine,
To dispose of and portion as they may think fit.
And give or deduct as their interests hit.
Indeed, sir, you fancy yourself very wise,
Or envy perhaps makes you my efforts despise.
'T is often the case that wormwood appears.

To shew to the world a man's jealous fears,
 A pretty commotion to make ; I ne'er heard,
 Since the day of my birth, a thing so absurd.
 English language is mine, as well as your own ;
 I use it to utter each thought that has flown
 To the gate of my brain fields, and while it trips o'er
 My judgment or memory, bent to explore,
 Quick invention takes up the sneaking Paul Pry,
 He lets the rogue in, 'magination slips by,
 Leaving judgment alone to sit in his cell,
 Drinking memory's goblet to make the tale tell,
 And joining them all in one common fate,
 They each, in their turn, reason, sense, wit dictate ;
 And a poem appears, vapid, terse, or sublime,
 It will reign, sir, down here its own lawful time,
 And friends who have blessed me with confidence
 will,
 In kindness and amity, smile on me still.

MR. CRITIC.

Then, dear madam, adieu, my task I discharge ;
 Send your puerile efforts abroad, at large ;
 But do not repine if your fate is severe,
 My counsel and wisdom you do not revere,
 You 're determined to make a bold stroke with your
 pen ;
 You will find it no joke if you fail — and what then ?

AUTHORESS.

I will take a fresh peep at the world, sir, and then
With better materials try it again.
Resigning my portraits of weal or of woe
To such mercy and justice as this world can shew.



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